"THE HIGHER THE FEWER," SAYS GRAN'POP.—BY LAWSON WOOD.

1/=

The Sketch

DISCRIMINATING TRAVELLERS USE

DEAN & DAWSON LTD

81 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Phone: GROSVENOR 2873-6

AND BRANCHES

AT THE NINETEENTH HOLE TO FINISH A PERFECT DAY

CALL FOR

McCallum's

the perfect whisky.

A MELLOW AND FRIENDLY SPIRIT.

By Appointment.

PARIPAN

ENAMEL

"The more you wash it the better it looks."

BRITISH OWNED AND BRITISH MADE.

PARIPAN LIMITED LONDON.

BY HOST. BY GUESTS. BY ALL PREFERRED.

GRANT'S SCOTCH WHISKY

H.M. King George V.

By Appointment to

CHAMPAGNE

Charles Heidsieck

REIMS

FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

Judge and enjoy 1926 Vintage

Introducing **1926 VINTAGE** as excellent as the **1923**

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION, LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

AUSTRIA.

Badgastein.—(The world's most radio-active thermal springs)—**"Der Kaiserhof."**—The hotel of dis., com, serv. Unriv. pos. in own vast park.

BELGIUM.

Brussels.—Grand Hotel.—Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Blankenberghe.—Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt.—Finest sit. F'c'ng sea. Wonderful sands. 140 rms. Exc'll'nt kitchen. Full board terms from Fr. 60.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel. Facing sea and bathing, near Tennis. Golf. Casino. Pension from 75 Frs. Tels.: Palace Knocke. Tel. No. 8.

CHANNEL ISLANDS.

Jersey.—Links Hotel.—On Royal Jersey Golf Course. American Bar. Bathing, Tennis, 11 acres gardens. A.A. Apply for terms.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Champs Elysées—**Hotel de Delft.**—30 Rue Montaignes. Good Brit. fam. Hotel. Quiet, comf. Good cuisine. Full board from 40 Frs.

Paris.—Hotel Galilee.—41 Rue Galilée (Etoile). Garden. Renowned Cooking. Rooms fr. 20 Frs. Pens. from 55 Frs. Cables Galiléotel.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Bristol. — First-class. From Francs 70 daily. Near sea.—G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E., Proprietor.

Le Touquet.—Regina Hotel.—Latest 1st class Hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. Rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Monte Carlo.— Hotel Terminus Palace.—Op. Casino Gardens. Beach. 1st cl. Pension from Frs. 50; with bath, Frs. 60. Suite, Frs. 75.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

St. Cast (nr. Dinard).—**Hotel Bellevue.**—Right on the beach. All comft. 40 baths. Garage. Garden. Early from £3 15 0; high season £4 5 0.

GERMANY.

Bad Ems.—State Hotels Kurhaus and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pen. fr. RM. 9.50.

Baden-Baden. — Black Forest. — **"Brenner's Stephanie" and "Brenner's Park."**—Baccara, 18-hole Golf, Swimming Pool.

Baden-Baden.—Bad Hotel "Zum Hirsch"—150 beds. All comfort. Rooms with priv. thermal baths. Pension Mk.: 9—up.

Baden-Baden.—" Bellevue."—The well-known family hotel in 5 acres own park. Most reasonable rates.

Baden-Baden, Holland Hotel.—150 beds, large own park. Close Casino. Personal management of proprietor: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Zähringerhof. — 130 beds. Pension from RM. 8—or with private thermal bath from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—" Der Kaiserhof."—First-class hotel. Large garden fcg. baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Bad Nauheim.—Carlton Kurhaus. Strictly first-class. Best English clients. Home-like in every way.

Bad Nauheim. — Hotel Augusta Victoria. Situated directly opposite Bath-houses, Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 10.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales. Family Hotel pref. by Englishmen. All mod. comfort. Mod. prices, ex. cuisine. Prop.: A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel—The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1934.

Bad Nauheim.—Park Hotel. First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Coblence.—Hotel Riesen-Fürstenhof. 1st class. Terrace overlooking the Rhine. Full Pension 9 Mks. up—room 4 Mks. up.

Coblence.—Koblenzer Hof.—The leading hotel. Wonderful site facing Rhein. Garage. Rooms from RM. 4.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. World renowned. Unique position on the River. G'n-P'k, Ter's, Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Leadg.hotel, r. fr. RM. 5—w. bath fr. R.M. 9.—Amer. Bar—Orch.—Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Freiburg im Breisgau.—Römischer Kaiser.—The house that lives up to its distinguished history. Reas'n'ble r'tes. Trout fishing. Shooting.

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. — **Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze. 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First class—quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perft. Htl. bldng. Select home of intern. Soc. and Arist'cy. Mangd. by M. Hartung, Council of Com.

Rüdesheim a. Rhein.—Hotel Darmstädter Hof.—Leading House, 75 beds, famous cuisine and wines.

Schlangenbad, Kurhaus Hotel.—Greatest and most fashionable Hotel in Schlangenbad. Tea Concert. Dancing. Lock-up Garages.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—(1st Cl.) family hotel—300 beds—medical bath in the Hotel—Golf—Tennis—Garage—Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden—Palast - Hotel. — First - class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath—establishment. Pension fr. RM. 10.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Rose.—World - renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pension from 11 Marks.

Wildbad.—Hotel Quellenhof.—A famous hotel in a famous spa. Thermal baths. Trout-fishing. Pension from RM. 10.

ITALY.

Rome. — Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs. — Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comfort. Very special reduced rates.

Brioni.—Hotel Brioni.—The fash'ble Island of all Sports. Golf (18 holes), Polo, Sail'g, Fish'g, Tennis, Shoot'g, Beach. Perfect resort for holidays.

Courmayeur (Aosta).—In the heart of the Alps.—**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rms. Baths. Grdn. Orchestra. Tennis. Pension from Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—**Grand Hotel.**—Large Park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf. Fishing. Bathing. Pension 45 Lire.

Menaggio (Lake of Como).—**Victoria Hotel.**—(1st cl.) Golf (18). Ten. Bowling. On lake shores. Guests mstly. Brit. Pen. fr. 35-55 Lr. (11/6 to 17/6)

Stresa.—Regina Palace. De luxe garden on lake. Tennis. Golf. Bathing. Orchestra. Garage. Rooms fr. 6/-. Pension fr. 17/-. Swiss Man.

Viareggio.—Grand Hotel Royal.—300 R. Comf. Best pos. near sea & forest. Open Rest. Orches. distractions. New Man., Cav. F. Paletto.

SWEDEN.

Saltsjöbaden (near Stockholm).—**Grand Hotel.** Ldg. Tourist Htl. A house with every comfort for those desiring the best. Reasonable terms.

SWITZERLAND.

Axenfels, Lake Lucerne. — **Palace Hotel.**—Excellent for Rest & Recreation. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Diet. Pension from Frs. 14.

Baden-les-Bains (near Zürich).—**Grand Hotel.** First-class Cure Establishment for Arthritism. Large Park.

Basle. — Schweizerhof. — First-class. Every modern comfort. Open-air Restaurant. Private Auto-parking. Room from Frs. 7.

Geneva.—Hotel de Russie.—Best position on the lake. Facing Alps and Mt. Blanc. Latest comfort. Rooms from 6 Frs.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-class Resid. All Cmfrt. Spl. Roof-Grdn. Tennis. Open-air Rest. Marv. view on lake and mts. Pens. from 12 Frs.

Geneva.—The Regina.—Up-to-date. On Lake Centre. Open-air Rest., overl'kng lake and City. Incl. price, 15s.; with private bath, 17s. 6d.

Geneva. — Hotel Victoria. — Facing English Garden and Lake. Homelike. Every modern comfort. Rooms from Fr. 4.50. Pension fr. Fr. 12.

Glion.—Grand Hotel and Righi Vaudois.—(2270 ft.) Ideal pos. Ovrlkg. Lake of Geneva. Ev'ry c'mf't. Fst.-clss. Cuisine. Inc. terms from Fr. 12.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full South on lake front. First-class family Hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 upwards.

Gurnigel.—Bernese Oberl'd.—(3,900 ft. a.s.) Sum. & Win. **Grand Hotel**, 1st-Cl. 300 bdms. bths. Diet. Forests. Ten. Orch. Wkly. terms all incl. £5 7 0

Interlaken.—Hotel Schweizerhof.—Best situat. facing Jungfrau, next to Garden of Casino. All C'mf's. Ren'wn'd Cuisine. Gar. Pens. fr. F.14.50.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5. 0. 0.

Lausanne.—The Hotel Victoria.—Home-like house. Latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Les Avant S/Montreaux.—3281 ft.—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.**—Renovated, running water, incl. terms from 12 shillings. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—First-class. Finest situation on lake. Reasonable terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne.—The National.—Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room fr. 8; Pens. fr. 18 Frs. Director: A. de Micheli.

Mont Pelerin, above Vevey.—**The Grand Hotel.** 1st cl. though inexpensive. 3,000 ft. Overl. whole Lake Geneva. Nr. Lausanne, Vevey. Illus. Pros.

Montreux.—Hotel Continental.—On the lake. 1st cl. Up-to-date. Ideal Home. Charming pos. Gard. Gar. New Rates. (Res. Prop., W. Deig.)

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued.*

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Montreux.—Montreux Palace Hotel.—Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms facing lake. Mod. Comfort. Golf, Tennis, Lge. Pk., Gar., Bch.

Mürren.—Grand Hotel & Kurhaus. Take your "Holidays in the Alps." Three Tennis courts. In June Alpine Flora. Terms en pension 18/-.

Thun. — Hotels Bellevue and Park.—Central position for excursions. Excellent cuisine. Pension from Frs. 10.

Vevey.—Grand Hotel de Vevey.—Large park with direct access to lake. Own beach—2 tennis—boating. Incl. rate (pension) with bath £1.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

Vevey.— Parkhotel Mooser. — Great comfort. Terrace overlooking lake. Pension francs 12.50 upwards. Ch. Hauser.

Wengen.—Palace Hotel.—'The best of the best.' Tennis. Bathing. Mountaineering. Dancing. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.—Fritz Borter, Propr.

Zermatt.—(5,315 feet). **The 8 Seiler-Hotels.**—(1,000 beds). Pens. rate from Frs. 9 and Frs. 12.50.

Zürich.—Dolder Grand Hotel.—Golf in front of Hotel. 1,900 feet. Wonderful view; Swimming pool.

OVERLOOKING THE CHANNEL

Gaining the full benefit of the bracing sea-air and yet pleasantly sheltered, the Royal Victoria is in the ideal situation for a summer holiday hotel. Modern, central—with cuisine and service which have become famous—its air of quiet luxury suggests that it might be expensive—whereas the inclusive weekly tariff is only 4½ gns.

ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

WHY NOT FIT A CLAUDEL-HOBSON POWER JET CARBURETTER and get maximum power with minimum consumption? For all types of internal combustion engines. Generous allowance for earlier Claudel-Hobson types. Full particulars from H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 47-55, The Vale, Acton, W.3.

RELIEVES SKIN IRRITATIONS

quickly and easily

For sufferers from itching, burning affections, eczema, pimples, rashes, red, rough skin, sore, itching, burning feet, chafings, chappings, cuts, burns and all forms of disfiguring blotches, prompt relief may be found by anointing with Cuticura Ointment. It quickly soothes and soon heals.

Price 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.

SOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS

USE THE CURVED BLADE DUCHESS RAZOR

A Smoother and Whiter Skin

The secret of perfect under-arm smoothness is the curved edge. Removes hair without the risks of chemicals. 3/6 and 5/9, extra blades 2/6 packet of 5. Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's, all good stores or post free from **Duchess Razor Co.** (*Dept. S2*), **318 Camberwell New Rd., London, S.E.5**

Subscription Rates of *The Sketch*

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Xmas No.	Six months including Xmas No.	Three months no extras
At Home ..	£3 3s. 3d.	£1 12s. 10d.	15s. 3d.
Canada ..	£3 0s. 11d.	£1 11s. 8d.	14s. 7d.
Elsewhere Abroad	£3 12s. 4d.	£1 17s. 6d.	17s. 6d.

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher of
The Sketch,
346, Strand,
London, W.C.2.

Please send me The Sketch *weekly*
for ______ *months, commencing*
with the issue of ______
for which I enclose ______

Name ______
Address ______
Date ______ *1934*

SEE SCOTLAND—BY PRIVATE CAR

Travel the romantic North and Highlands of Scotland—in luxurious Daimler car. See the Bens and the Glens and the Heather! Each car chauffeur-driven—and, for the time, your own.

Illustrated book FREE on request.

John Paterson (Motors) Ld. 305 Hope St., Glasgow

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning
THE SKETCH
when replying to their announcements.

FURS

RENOVATED & REMODELLED AT LOWEST SUMMER PRICES

ESTIMATES FREE

OLD FURS TAKEN IN PART EXCHANGE

Catalogue of newest models free on request

CITY FUR STORE

Manufacturing Furriers

64, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.4.

The Sketch

No. 2162.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

KEEN ANTICIPATION OF A GOOD SHOW: OUR HORSE-LOVING PRINCESSES.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF YORK and her younger sister, PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE OF YORK, are becoming great horse-lovers. They attended the Richmond Royal Horse Show and enjoyed the treat enormously; and they were taken by their parents to the Gala Performance at the International Horse Show last week to see the jumping for the King George V. Cup and the display by the children of the Cotswold and the Meynell Hunts. They are here pictured arriving with T.R.H. THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK (right).
Keen anticipation is written on the faces of both the little Princesses.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

LISTENING.

THE title of this article sounds like the name of the latest Lazy Waltz or Hot Number. I wish it were; it might buy me a new car or set me up for life. My aim is less ambitious—a few notes merely of prose, not of husky-throated song, nor yet of strangled saxophone.

Nor do I offer any comments on what has become, to a great many people, the only form of listening they know—I mean listening-in. I am not competent to make any suggestions about that form of pastime, as I am myself rather bad at it. I have no sympathy with the highbrows who regard the wireless as a mere nuisance, and talk loftily about "the mechanisation of modern life"; and I have even less sympathy with the scoffers who never lose an opportunity of abusing that very efficient body, the B.B.C. But I am sorry to say that I cannot listen for any length of time to sounds blaring from a box, whether wireless or gramophone, without becoming restive. Considering the excellence of reproduction nowadays, the fault is doubtless mine; but we all have our foibles, and I cannot rank myself among the B.B.C.'s most constant and entranced listeners. I am aware that I lose priceless opportunities of mental improvement; but when it comes to a choice between a pithy talk on "The Prevention of Black Smut in Potatoes" and a quiet game of Corinthian Bagatelle, I am afraid that Corinthian Bagatelle wins every time, especially as I consider myself to have rather a pretty touch at that manly game.

I have taken a long time to get to it, but what I want to discuss (in contradistinction to what I do *not* want to discuss, *vide supra*) is just ordinary listening to what other people say. I become more and more convinced that this is a rare and difficult art; at all events, very few people possess it.

Recently two men, on different occasions, came to see me in order to obtain some information which, as it happened, I was in a position to give them. I did my best; but it was quite evident after a few minutes that they had made up their minds long before they came what information they *wanted* me to give them. Both the interviews were lengthy, but when the visitors had gone, I realised that I had really told them nothing at all. That, you may say, is a reflection upon myself, and I dare say the fault was partly mine, for I soon perceived that they were not really listening to anything I said, and thereupon I naturally lost interest. But they did not want to listen.

There are many talkers like that. They are concerned only with expressing what comes into their own minds, without ever attempting to make impact with other minds. While you are speaking, they are thinking of what they are going to say next, and in the meantime any remarks which are addressed to them are an irrelevant interruption, tolerated sometimes with polite patience, and sometimes with ill-concealed impatience. You will even hear a man sometimes go back to a point in the conversation which has long since exhausted itself, rather than lose the chance of cracking a joke which he has tardily remembered. It is needless to say that people of that habit of mind are assassins of conversation. With them there can be no real interchange. And when there is not that interchange, talk is merely boredom and affliction. I have met men—I am afraid that not a few of them lived on the other side of the Atlantic—who had obviously never, in all their lives, learned to pay real attention to anything that was said to them.

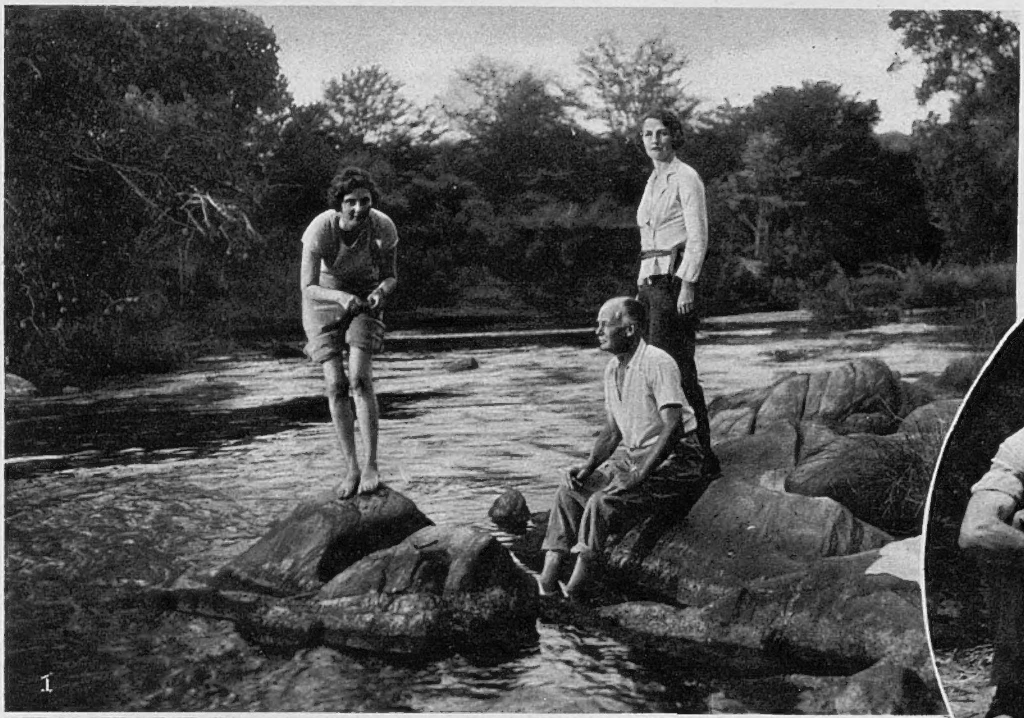
Listening intelligently requires a real and conscious effort; it is an art which is acquired only by cultivation. There are quite a lot of things always militating against it. To begin with, the minds of most of us are erratic, ill-disciplined things, which are always playing us tricks. It is extraordinary — and humiliating — how easily the attention wanders unless it is kept under firm control. A moment of relaxation, and you are thousands of miles away from the subject in hand; and that abstraction, which overtakes us so stealthily, invariably betrays itself to the other person. Concentration is as great an asset for social success as for any other kind of success.

Fred May has chosen to caricature ALL ACES as a souvenir of the ROYAL AIR FORCE (MIDDLE EAST) TWELFTH ANNUAL DINNER, which was held recently. No. 1 is AIR VICE-MARSHAL A. E. ("BIFFY") BORTON, C.B., C.M.G., etc., the Chairman of the Dinner. He commanded the Air Force in Palestine for Lord Allenby's advance. No. 2 is SQUADRON-LEADER A. E. PETTINGELL, who was originally a Naval Johnnie. He is now one of the most popular personalities in the R.A.F. He is a great figure-head in amateur and service boxing. No. 3 is LORD LLOYD, G.C.S.I., etc. He succeeded Lord Allenby in Egypt, and during his term of office in the East as High Commissioner had the Air Force there under his command. No. 4 is AIR VICE-MARSHAL N. D. K. MACEWEN, C.M.G., etc., who commands the R.A.F. at Halton; and the fifth Ace is LT.-COL. J. E. DIXON-SPAIN, O.B.E., formerly Hampshire Regiment. He was Commandant of the first School of Military Aeronautics at Aboukir, Abbasia and Heliopolis, and commanded first Officer Pilots to the Greek Air Force.

Then again, a great many people—perhaps the majority of people—either through nervousness, or slackness, or natural woolliness of mind, express themselves in a manner which is anything but clear. One might go farther, and say that the faculty of expressing even the simplest idea in perfectly clear terms is one of the rarest of human gifts. If you doubt this, listen to witnesses in the box trying to tell a plain, unadorned tale; or, if you wish to test your own sense of precise language, try to draw up an absolutely unambiguous set of rules for a club or society, and see how many loopholes you leave. Half the population of these islands peppers every sentence with "I mean to says" and "sort ofs"; and vast numbers of our fellow-country-men could not express themselves at all if they did not ensanguine every second word. If, therefore, you want to know what people are talking about—and it is generally worth while, if you have any interest in human nature—you have not only to listen, but to listen intently. You have to try to get *behind* what people are saying if you want to know what they really mean; and if you don't make the effort, you will simply be at cross-purposes—as people are, for at least half the time, in most conversations. How frequently, through the combination of bad expression and bad listening, do arguments end in the surprising discovery that the disputants have really been meaning the same thing all along!

And finally—is my hearing going, or do I judge correctly that there is an increasing number of people who speak unintelligibly? All I know is that I seem to meet more and more people to whom I have to listen very carefully in order to catch the very syllables they utter. The attempt to speak without opening the lips or teeth seems to me misplaced ingenuity. I *hope* I am missing something by not being able to understand these mumblers and hissers; but I feel none too sure.

THE WIFE OF AN M.F.H. ON A DANGEROUS LION HUNT.



1

2

3

4

1. *This peaceful-looking snapshot was not taken in England during the recent heat-wave, but in Kenya Colony on safari. The figures are, (l. to r.) the HON. ESMÉ GLYN, sister of Lord Wolverton; GENERAL CLAUDE DE CRESPIGNY, and MRS. RONALD TREE, wife of the Joint-Master of the Pytchley. They are resting at sundown by the river, after a long day after buffalo.*
2. *GENERAL DE CRESPIGNY and MRS. RONALD TREE with two dead lionesses. One nearly killed Mrs. Tree. When shooting in thick bush, she wounded it. After various attempts to locate the animal, they decided to move. As they turned to go, the lioness sprang, charging in on Mrs. Tree's left side. It was impossible for her to shoot. General de Crespigny, being a left-handed shot, was able to do so. He shot the lioness, which fell dead at their feet.*
3. *MRS. RONALD TREE crossing a river. She is the wife of Mr. T. L. Tree, only son of Mr. Arthur Tree and of the late Lady Beatty.*
4. *This shows MRS. RONALD TREE employing another means of river transport.*

LONDON ASIDES.

By

PAMELA MURRAY.

WINDSOR didn't provide the annual get-out after Ascot. Messrs. Charles Sweeny and William Garthwaite attended, as befits keen racing youngsters. With them was Mrs. MacAlpine, whose husband spent a cheap Ascot in London devising new traffic routes, owing to Waterloo Bridge closing. Unexpected faces on the Friday belonged to Mrs. John Buchan and her daughter, Mrs. Brian Fairfax-Lucy. These charming people seldom race, and are the reverse of typical socialities, caring much for books and conversation, and little for conventional amusements. Faces rarely seen in London, and heading for the Test—Lord and Lady Dunleath, now back in Ireland. Presented by her mother-in-law at the last Court, she can claim to possess one of the only speaking voices entirely without affectation. Another pair rushing towards Lord's—Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart and "Robin" Barnes-Gorell, who has settled down in a new little house with his sister Violet. They are the most affectionate clan of brothers and sisters in circulation. A Test touch which amused us—the posse of males of all ages and bank balances which crowded an adjoining graveyard, training field-glasses on a partially visible score-board. Of such stuff was the immortal Micawber.

An American tea-party at the Roehampton "Tennis Sunday." MR. R. N. WILLIAMS, Captain of the U.S. team, with his pretty wife and the SYDNEY WOODS are seen in this group round the table.

BOROTRA, the popular French lawn-tennis player, had hurt his hand so was not dressed "pour le sport" at the Roehampton Overseas reception and "Tennis Sunday." The night before, he made a very good speech at the I.L.T.C. dinner, which is illustrated on another page.

This group at the Roehampton "Tennis Sunday" consists of (l. to r.) MR. ELLMER (Switzerland); MME. HENROTIN (France); MR. AESCHLIMAN (Switzerland), MRS. HOLDEN HAYDEN, who comes from Boston, Mass, but is not a competitor; MRS. CAVIS BROWN, one of Wimbledon's able seven umpires; MR. FISHER, the Swiss Davis Cup player, FRÄULEIN HORN (Germany), and MR. D. P. TURNBULL, from "down under."

So the British Isles are to be gay and *chic* this August! Also Monte Carlo, where Bobby Nothman has personally supervised the installation of open-air gambling; the Lido, where Miss Ursula Horlick is already recuperating from her car smash; and Deauville, where more English owners are sending horses than for many seasons. Ireland apart, Frinton and Bembridge have heavy bookings. So has the Riviera, where the Edward Willses will motor-boat as usual. Mr. ("Ice Club") Mitchell has taken the villa on Cap Ferrat which the Seafields had last year. Another Mitchell—"Alec"—has received many congratulations on his engagement to flower-faced Rosemary Balfour, sister of amusing David and literary Patrick. She 's lucky, too.

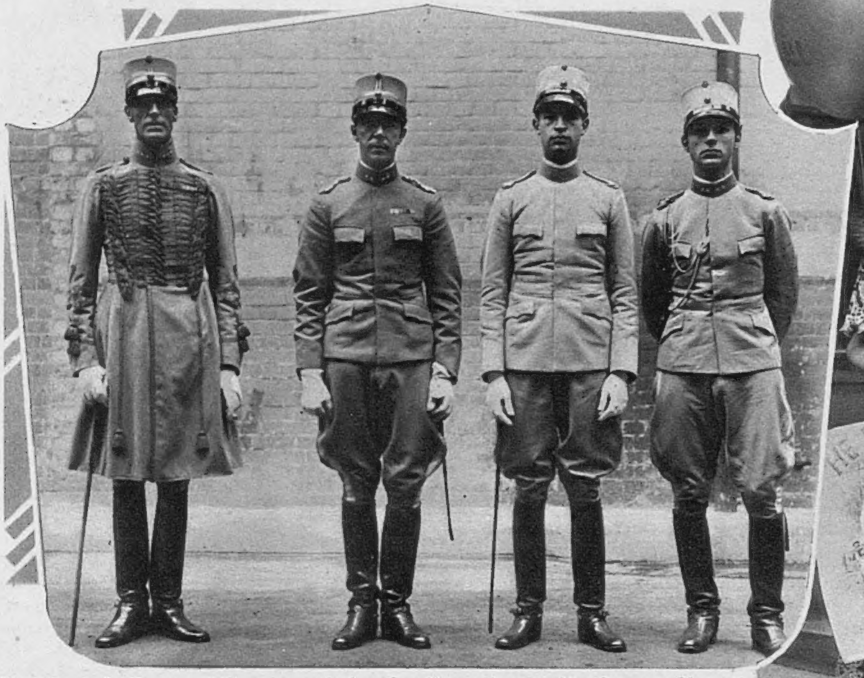
HOLIDAY PLANS. The Gray Hortons are going to wander off in a car towards the South of France, looking for inexpensive places to sleep. We suggest the back seat of the said car. Their friends, the Everard Gateses, are regretfully deciding that, as villas in Biarritz have trebled value in the last year, another coast is indicated—possibly the Adriatic. Musical Miss Gordon-Moore (we 've only just realised that "Peggy" and "Sylvia" are half-sisters) has selected Salzburg, which promises to be Covent Garden over again. Sir Alfred Beit, who looks so well in a Tyrolean setting, will attend this Festival; also Mark Watson, another eligible bachelor, chaperoned by his delightful mother, Claire Lady Manton. Those who wear town clothes and "dress up" look wrong at Salzburg, where a light linen suit or two, a light flannel suit, and some rather country cotton dresses should fill the suit-case. Great excitement about beach shorts prevails. So many women are copying Lady Castlerosse's pastel crêpes-de-Chine that she will be forced to go one better. Madame Dubonnet has ordered American romper suits, shorts and sun-bathing top in one. We still believe that beach dresses are least trouble, especially in Italy, where semi-nudity is not approved except actually on the beaches. To enter St. Mark's wearing a humdrum summer dress is *verboten* if sleeves are missing. A female sightseer should remember to seize the jacket off her male escort—preferably not the guide.

Wimbledon entertains the World and his Wives. Every cough by the Centre Court umpire is a humorous event, every double fault by Betty Nuthall a national calamity. This year the absence of any outstanding personality gave the first week a slight feeling of flatness, but there was no disappointment about "Tennis Sunday" at Roehampton, when more rabbits than ever before got close-ups of more giants, including Austin, who is held specially dear by rabbits on account of his

nickname. With this hero was his actress wife, her sister, Miss Konstam, and Charles Farrell, whose wife came dressed for a garden-party, this being the occasion's official title. But in England nothing is what it calls itself, compromise being in the air. It was almost a shock to note that Janet Gaynor's partner—the eternally diffident lad with the heart of gold—has grey hair! At tea with Nikitina's brother, Landau, sole representative of Monaco at Wimbledon and secretary of Monte Carlo's Country Club, was Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, in our opinion the most graceful of her generation, having the gentlest mouth, the least worldly manner. She spent the afternoon reading newspapers to show her independence from that "must-watch-every-rally" attitude. Also about, apart from players such as Virginia Rice, the most typical American girl (on face value) America has exported in years, were the Jellicoes; Borotra, kissing ladies' hands with his accustomed gallantry; Mrs. Teddie Hogg; the Bartle Bulls, who are house-hunting and nursing Norwich; and Mr. Teddy Tinling, who looks most impressive at Wimbledon, directing operations from his box-office near the ice-cream and soft drinks recess. We don't know which operations he directs, and as all officialdom 's a sealed book we shall never know. Another impressive figure is Sir Ian Malcolm, wearing an outsize badge, which automatically admits him into the front row, wherever he happens to be. We find him a good tip to follow, as the crowds part asunder like the Red Sea. Mrs. Kenneth Murray was in his wake. Eddie Tatham, whom we never suspected of being a Wimbledon hero-worshipper, was admiring Frank Shields; 1933 débutante Henderson, of the great big eyes, gossiped with 1934 débutante Mills, whose orbs are also admired in ball-rooms. Lady Mary Egerton and Lady Angela Scott represented the Borders. Mrs. "G. O." Sandys, who never misses a minute of Wimbledon, and sets a good example by giving her lunch-parties at one sharp during THE fortnight, was looking for the Lauderdales, who are equally tennis-minded.

Among pretty girls, Miss Ulrica Thynne deserves a bouquet, which she doubtless received from her escort, Mr. William Langdon, at a more auspicious moment. They were trying to see Perry, though baulked by a human hedge, when we went by. Mrs. Gordon MacCreedy, the darling of London's French colony and a splendid tournament player, was with Madame Caron-Colbert, who can't play this year, as a job connected with the *montage* (whatever that means) of French films has prior claim. In the Competitor's Stand we noted Mr. Hans Badrutt, no doubt a dark horse of the Swiss team, and in the Royal Box, those enthusiasts, T.R.H. Princess Marie Louise and her sister, were not missing a point. Mrs. Colin Defries and her daughter, Mrs. Paul Baron, showed sympathy for Eileen Whittingstall's poisoned bite, as Mrs. Baron hasn't been able to see out of one eye for days, British mosquitoes being determined to exceed foreign competitors. Two friendly things about Wimbledon—the "bob each" taxi-ride from Southfields Station, which wedges strangers together, and the unwritten law that a Centre or Number One Court ticket-holder who leaves before the end must give his voucher to a less fortunate sportsman, milling about the concrete corridors.

The present rage in the cabaret world is Lucienne Boyer, whose first London appearance was with Rex Evans at the Café Anglais in '28, when her salary was comparatively modest, her "*Parlez-moi d'Amour*" unknown. She 's now packing the Monseigneur to capacity, and displays all the tricks of a capable *café-chantant* artist. When a gentleman in the audience was invited to "*faire hup hup*" with her and win some red roses, we thought Lord Blandford was about to oblige, but a columnist proved the willing victim. Captain Rollie Cubitt, Mrs. Flash Kellett, and Lady Blandford represented the huntin' world between seasons. The latter had the finest figure in the room, with beautifully held shoulders and perfect proportions. A very simply-cut dress of patterned silk aided this Junoesque effect. To prove that all well-brought-up débutantes are not debarred from restaurants, Miss Chris Andreae lent her presence. The Ranee of Sarawak watched from behind a grill.



The Swedish Team which competed for the King George V. Cup at Olympia consisted of CAPTAIN CLÄES DE KOENIG, H.R.H. PRINCE GUSTAV ADOLF OF SWEDEN, LT. SACHS, and LT. NYBLOENS. In the final Prince Gustav Adolf took the place of Captain Cläes de Koenig and rode Kornett, which had made a faultless ride in the qualifying competition. The Trophy was won by Lt. J. A. Talbot-Ponsonby, 7th Hussars, on Best Girl. Five countries, France, Belgium, Great Britain, the Irish Free State, and Sweden, were represented.

The young Committee of the "Puff Ball" at the Ritz Hotel, in aid of the Federation of Working Girls' Clubs, have been parading the West End of London with balloons and sandwich-boards to advertise the party. This four consists of MISS BUNTY SOAMES, MISS PAMELA RITCHIE, LADY JANE FITZROY, and LADY GLORIA VAUGHAN. Lady Jane Fitzroy is the débutante daughter of Viscountess Ipswich.

This group on board the S.S. "Orford" (Orient Line) during a cruise, consists of (front row; l. to r.) LADY ANGELA SCOTT, LADY SYBIL PHIPPS, and LADY RACHEL DOUGLAS-HOME; (second row) the DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH, MR. MONTAGU YOUNG, MISS C. M. PHIPPS, the DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, LORD ERNEST HAMILTON, and MISS E. S. PHIPPS.

PAGEANTRY AT LUDLOW THIS WEEK.

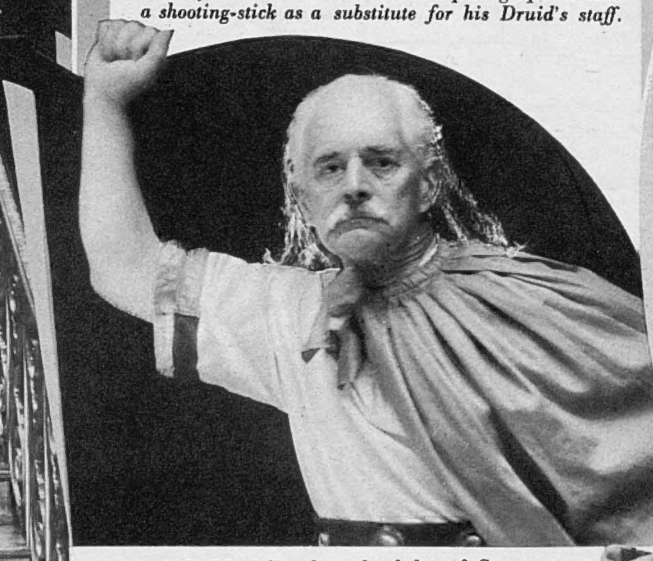
LADY BERWICK, the beautiful wife of Lord Berwick, of Attingham Park, appears as Queen Eleanor of Castile, the wife of Edward I. She was Miss Edith Teresa Hulton.

The Pageant Season is in full swing. This week, July 2—7, was fixed for the SHROPSHIRE HISTORICAL PAGEANT AT LUDLOW. MRS. CALVERT, of Wetmore Overbury; MISS B. FOSTER, of Overton Grange, Ludlow; and MRS. TOWNSEND, of The Lee, Knighton (l. to r.) were cast for Lady Rivers on successive days.

(Right) MRS. ARIES, Hon. Sec. of the Musical Committee, takes the part of the Abbess in the Second Episode.

The Chief Druid is played by MR. TYRRELL, Town Clerk of Ludlow. In our rehearsal photograph he uses a shooting-stick as a substitute for his Druid's staff.

MRS. PRITCHARD GORDON, of Donnington Hall, Shrewsbury, is a Pavane dancer in Episode V.



MAJOR LLOYD plays the father of Caractacus.

(Right) MISS LLOYD, of Leaton Knolls, Shrewsbury, is a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Eleanor.

MISS FRANCES RONALD is one of the Ladies-in-Waiting to Queen Elizabeth in the Pageant of Parliament at the Royal Albert Hall, which continues till July 21.

LADY SEMPILL, wife of the famous airman, formerly the Master of Sempill, who succeeded his father as nineteenth Lord Sempill in February last. She is a Lady at the Court of William and Mary in the Pageant of Parliament.

MR. NIGEL COLMAN, M.P. for Brixton, as Charles II. Like that King, he is a great horse-lover. He is Chairman of the National Horse Association; and won various awards at the Richmond Royal Horse Show.

MR. SHAYLE GARDNER as Oliver Cromwell. He is the well-known actor, who has been seen in many Shakespearean parts; and in "The Wandering Jew," on both stage and screen.

PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER NORTH.

ENGLISH WOMEN PLAYERS THROUGH AMERICAN EYES.

BY HELEN JACOBS.

It has always seemed curious to me that the two English women who have had the greatest success in America in our various tennis tournaments are not the ones who do the best in England. One of them, Betty Nuthall, has, to be sure, had a large measure of success in her own country, but over here she is hardly the player who took a set from Mrs. Moody at Forest Hills last summer, and who won the American Championship in 1930. The other English player, Eileen Bennett Whittingstall, has only displayed her real game, to my knowledge, at Forest Hills. I have seen her play in Paris, where her game has fallen thirty below its highest level. That may be due to the courts, the atmosphere, or the strain of the tournament. But I have also seen her play many times at Wimbledon, and never have I been able to reconcile her game there with the one that has thrilled the American spectators.

There may be a bit of psychology working an adverse influence on the games of the two girls. Betty Nuthall came on so early—at the age of seven, I believe—that the British public has become used to her. It has followed her through the various stages of her game, and has only once seen her in a very sensational victory, when she defeated Mrs. Mallory several years ago. I think the British public is inclined to believe that Betty has reached her zenith, and that she will go no further. With this I am inclined to disagree. Betty has natural tennis sense. The gallery at Forest Hills has realised this time and again, for, unlike many of our best players, Betty is willing to sacrifice the more brilliant shot for the subtle one, and to attack through defence. Paradoxical as that may sound, Tilden has proved that it is perfectly possible to attack intelligently through a strong defence.

MISS LEILA ROW is the first Oriental lady to compete at Wimbledon. India has been represented at the All-England Championships in the past, but only by men.

Betty has said that she always plays well in America because she feels the sympathetic attitude of the gallery towards her. I may add that her opponents have felt it too. On the many occasions that I have played against Betty in the Wightman Cup matches and the National Championships at Forest Hills, I have always had the feeling that the gallery was completely impartial, excepting, perhaps, in the final stages of a Wightman Cup match. It has always been a pleasure to find the gallery in this mood, because I think it has encouraged Betty to return to us, and she is a very welcome visitor to the United States.

The year that Eileen Whittingstall played in the final of the American Championship against Helen Moody she gave a display of some of the finest tennis that has ever been seen on our courts. We have always remembered her for that game. Betty and I both played against her, losing in three sets. My match with Eileen was particularly drawn-out and exciting to play, but I have a distinct memory of the trepidation I experienced watching her come to the net against me for the best part of the three sets. I think when Eileen is in form that she is one of the most difficult women in the game to defeat. She, like Betty, has a natural sense of the shot to play at a given point.

In the last year the American spectators have really seen the Dorothy Round who is the ranking player of England. I don't think that Dorothy showed to best advantage on the previous trip she made to the United States. It is possible that the strangeness of the courts and the balls, the enervating effect of the climate, and the consciousness of being in a foreign country may have combined to cause her trouble, but when she returned to Forest Hills last summer she had definitely mastered these disadvantages. It would not be fair to say that in our Wightman Cup match of 1933 there was any great test of skill or superiority. A high wind was blowing in an eddy on to the court, and Dorothy's shots were far more upset by it than mine. However, in the semi-final round of the National Championships we had a long match which brought out, I think, very good tennis, and which enabled the gallery to understand the value of a game that they had not quite been able to appreciate before then.

Dorothy's court temperament, her charming personality, and her high quality of sportsmanship have endeared her to the American tennis public. I often wonder if they wouldn't just as soon see her win her matches as their own players. This impression has never been fostered by any sense of disloyalty in the spirit of the American gallery. It is only that I have always been acutely conscious of its willingness to recognise skill with impartiality. One of the features of Dorothy's game that particularly appeals to the American spectators is the long sweep of her strokes and her flawless footwork. She has grace without a studied pursuit of effect; brilliance without effort, and a sense of anticipation that obviates awkward scrambling on the court.

MRS. FEARNLEY WHITTINGSTALL is one of the most graceful of all the women players in the lawn tennis world. She is also inspired in her choice of costume. She is the first woman to play on the Centre Court at Wimbledon in shorts—but such elegant ones! They are pleated, and resemble a short skirt, fastened to the bodice, so that the costume is really a form of dress. The neck is square, and there is a row of buttons down the back. Mrs. Whittingstall beat Miss Betty Nuthall, 2—6, 6—3, 6—4 in the first round.

It seemed to the Americans who watched Freda James at Forest Hills last summer, and, incidentally, to me at Jamaica in the winter, that England had developed another invincible doubles player. It is, I must admit, quite a problem to play against Freda in a doubles match.

Like most of the best women's doubles players that England has had, Freda is a master at being there at the right moment. Her versatility and strength on the court are rather misleading, for she seems to be a shy person, and even off the court has always impressed me as being rather retiring. She is certainly not retiring on the court.

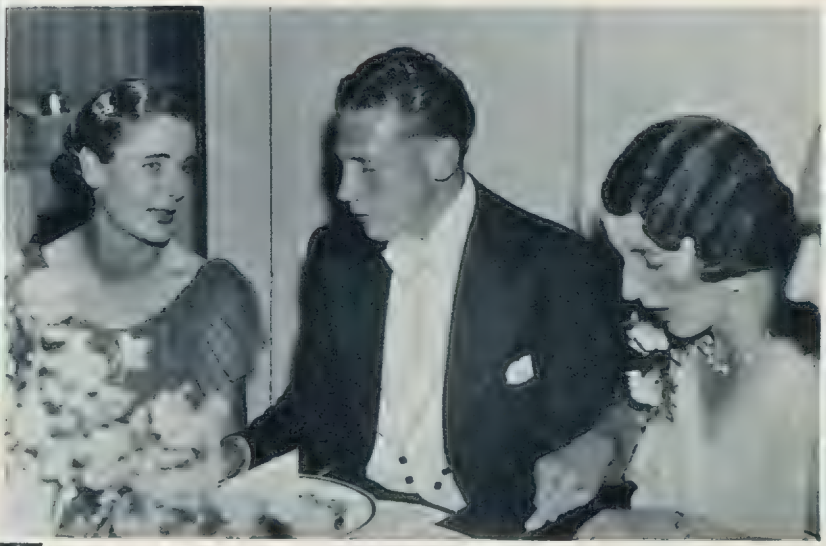
Last summer she was obliged, with Betty Nuthall, to go through a good field to win the American Doubles Championship, but in doing it she was so convincing that no one felt the title had not been justly bestowed. Much of the art of doubles play — which is, indeed, an art apart from singles play—has been developed in her game. Just as you think you are about to make a winning shot, you are presented with the problem of returning a most difficult and awkward placement of hers.

Freda's brilliance at the net was a great pleasure to the American gallery, that always likes to see one player outwit another.

England's contributions to the American championships in the last few years have re-created a great interest in tennis in the United States. The English girls who have come to our country have forced our players to rise to their highest peak, and in doing so have provided them with the incentive to improve.

HORS D'ŒUVRE WIMBLEDON! THE LAWN TENNIS DINNER.

The International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain entertained the Wimbledon competitors at dinner at the Royal Automobile Club as a prelude to the All-England Championships. JEAN BOROTRA, the popular French player, is here seen talking to MISS HELEN JACOBS, the leading U.S.A. woman competitor.



MISS KATHLEEN STAMMERS (Britain), MR. C. E. MALFROY (New Zealand), and MISS MUDFORD (Britain) are seen at the dinner.

MISS SARAH PALFREY (U.S.A.), MR. D. HORN, and MISS M. C. SCRIVEN (Britain).

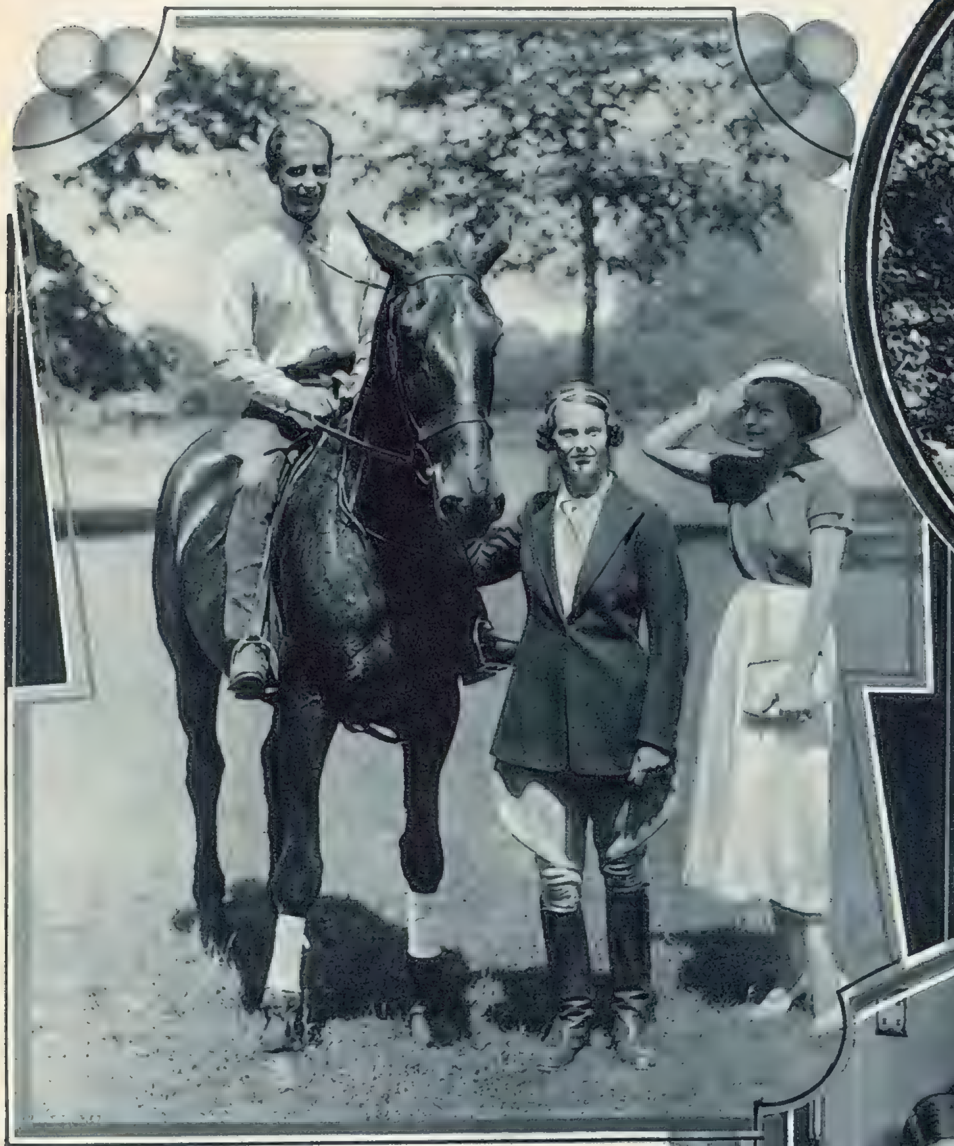
MISS DOROTHY ROUND (Britain) sat next to MR. R. MIKI (Japan).

FRÄULEIN CILLY AUSSEM (Germany).

(Left) MLLE. ROSAMBERT (France) and MR. F. X. SHIELDS (U.S.A.) faced the camera with a smile.

(Right) MR. F. J. PERRY and MISS BETTY NUTHALL, two leading British players, had an animated conversation.

WHEN THEY'RE NOT PLAYING LAWN TENNIS!



MR. H. W. ("BUNNY") AUSTIN and his sister, MRS. RANDOLPH LYCETT (formerly Miss Joan Austin), enjoy riding. MRS. AUSTIN (Miss Phyllis Konstam) is on the right.

Lawn tennis stars have hobbies and interests which have nothing to do with the Centre Court! On these pages we give a series of studies of prominent players enjoying alternative amusements to the game. MISS PEGGY SCRIVEN *is seen caravanning. She loves country life and is a keen horsewoman*

MRS. FEARNLEY-WHITTINGSTALL *is a beautiful ball-room dancer; and an accomplished dressmaker and fitter.*

(Left) MISS JOAN RIDLEY *breeds various sorts of love-birds. She is also a bridge player.*

(Left) MISS DOROTHY ROUND *has a gift for teaching. She takes a Sunday-school class. She was one of the British women players to be seeded in this year's Championships. She ranks No. 2 at Wimbledon, and was, it will be remembered, in the final of the Singles last year. She ranks as No. 1 in Great Britain.*

(Above) MISS BETTY NUTHALL *shines in the domestic sphere. She can cook an excellent dinner; and is also a good home dress-maker. Our photograph shows her at work in the kitchen, looking very natty in her snowy overall. She met Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall in the first round of the Ladies' Singles at Wimbledon, and was knocked out by her compatriot.*

(Left) MISS HELEN JACOBS *(who contributes an article on "British Lawn Tennis Players Through American Eyes" in this issue of "The Sketch") is a pianist, and also an amateur photographer. Her article in our issue dated June 27 on the subject of Miss Carolin Babcock and Miss Josephine Cruickshank was illustrated by her own snapshots. She ranks No. 1 among the women players in the U.S.A. and at Wimbledon. In 1933 she beat Mrs. Moody in the final of the U.S.A. Championship, and this year she assisted the U.S.A. to win the Wightman Cup.*

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

There has been a phenomenal run of salmon into Killarney Lakes this season. This EXCEPTIONAL CATCH was made in the lakes on June 18 by Mr. and Mrs. Borrer. The biggest fish—that in the centre—weighed 25 lb.

Over Five Tons of Big-Game Fish in Two Months.

Looking very bronzed and fit, Mr. H. White-Wickham, the noted big-game angler, is back in London after his seventh season big-game fishing in New Zealand waters. He told me that there were not many angling visitors there last season, and he thinks this is undoubtedly due to the depression. People cannot afford the expense of the trip out, launch hire totalling up to £8 or £10 a day while fishing, and on top of that the cost of tackle, etc. It is a rich man's sport, and rich men are not so plentiful as they were. Though he was unlucky in not striking any very heavy fish, Mr. White-Wickham had a grand total of forty-nine game fish, weighing 12,627 lb., surpassing his previous record weight by nearly 2,000 lb. One fish gave him a tremendous fight and took him miles out to sea. When gaffed it proved to be a moderately-sized fish, foul-hooked close to the gill cover. There was another fish which choked itself by getting the bait stuck in its throat. It came towards the boat jerking its head from side to side, while Mr. White-Wickham reeled in the slack line until the boatman could reach the trace. He told me that he felt really sorry for the fish, and the boatman must have shared his feelings, as he asked what he should do. Although it went against the grain to gaff a fish that had not been played, there was no alternative, and ten minutes after the fish had been secured alongside the boat it was dead. Two anglers hooked fish estimated to be over 1000 lb. each, both of which would easily have beaten all existing records. However, in one case the line broke after the fish had been on for hours and the launch towed for miles out to sea; and in the other case the angler cut the line, as night came on and he was being towed steadily away from the coast. Game fish recognised by the Bay of Islands Club are mako, hammerhead and thresher sharks, and striped marlin, black marlin, and broadbill swordfish. In seven seasons Mr. White-Wickham's grand total of game fish amounts to 48,437 lb.—approximately 21 tons. Mr. White-Wickham's home is in Devonshire, and he confessed to me that he gets far more pleasure in playing a half-pound trout on a tiny Leonard trout-rod, weighing 1½ oz., than in fighting any shark or swordfish in New Zealand.

Exciting Tussle with Large Skate.

While fishing off Lulworth, Dorset, Lieut.-Col. J. A. L. Caunter hooked a big skate. For the first twenty minutes he was able to raise the skate fairly easily and felt that he had control; then the position was reversed. The skate became infinitely more powerful, and was strong enough to tow the boat. Straining his utmost by most vigorous "pumping," Colonel Caunter was unable to recover more than a foot of line for a long time. Fortunately he had with him a skilful oarsman, in Captain McCormick, who handled the boat so well that after four hours' gruelling fight the skate was gaffed and pulled on board. It weighed 110 lb., and was foul-hooked near the tail.

On examining the fish they found a hook-wound in the mouth, and Colonel Caunter believes that it was originally hooked in the mouth and, after twenty minutes, the hook tore out, but luckily obtained a fresh hold in the body. This seems a feasible explanation and accounts for the augmented resistance. Colonel Caunter informs me that had he not had such invaluable assistance from Captain McCormick he would never have landed the fish. As it was, he wrenched one handle off the reel and bent the other one, and his rod was badly strained. These great, flat-bodied fish take more lifting to the surface than any other type of fish. They utilise the water resistance on their bodies to the utmost.

Flying Eels.

Lest anyone should visualise a slimy eel dropping from the sky and coiling round his neck, I will hasten to explain that these eels are only air-minded in the sense that they travel by air. It is only the little elvers of two or three inches in length which swarm up the River Severn that take this involuntary air trip. They have come from the eels' breeding-grounds near Bermuda, drifting on the surface currents across the Atlantic. Almost within sight of their goal they are trapped in their millions, packed in boxes, and sent by air mail to Germany and other parts of the Continent. While in the aeroplane they are refreshed with water at regular intervals, and can be kept alive for long periods. The elver industry on the Severn is in German hands, and for years past vast quantities of elvers—immature eels—have been exported to Germany to stock the rivers, but this is the first time they have been sent by air.

The MAKO SHARK is a monster who can get new teeth without the aid of "dentures"! By a curious provision of nature its teeth are constantly renewed. There are several rows of them, and as the outer row gets worn out and the teeth fall out, it is replaced by the next row, and so on. Anglers who kill mako sharks preserve their jaws and eyes as souvenirs.

Third Time Lucky.

This true story happened quite recently on an Edinburgh reservoir. An angler hooked a trout, which broke away. Shortly after he again hooked a fish, with the same result. The boat was turned back to fish the drift again, and for the third time he hooked a fish. This time the gut held and a trout was safely landed. In its mouth were three flies—the one which it had just taken and the two lost previously. Mr. Robert Turnbull, the well-known Edinburgh tackle-dealer, reported this incident to me, and he states that, though it may sound like a fisher's tale, it can be vouched for by the angler, another angler in the boat, and the boatman.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

A phenomenal run of salmon and sea-trout has occurred in Killarney Lakes. Many anglers have had two or three salmon in a day, and Mr. and Mrs. Borrer, on June 18, secured no fewer than eight salmon up to 25 lb. between them.

Fishing in the B.S.A.S.'s annual competition at Poole, Mr. R. G. Storey hooked a blue shark of about 12 ft. in length. Eventually it broke away, and then, according to my informant, "came right alongside the boat, unwound itself from the tackle, had a look at its attackers, and disappeared into the depths."

R. L. MARSTON.

A MEYNELL HUNT TURN AT THE HORSE SHOW.

One of the attractions of the Horse Show at Olympia was the Pageant representing a Meet of the Meynell Hounds in 1833 performed by the young members of the Meynell Hunt Pony Club. Lady Waterpark of Doveridge (LURLEEN REVELL-SMITH); the Coachman, Charles Horninglow (EDWIN RUSHBY); and the Tiger, Will Walton (MICHAEL BISHOP), are here seen.

Lady Bagot of Blithfield (PATRICIA HARVEY), the Coachman, Charles Pennefather (STANLEY YEOMANS), and Mr. Prince of Field (BILLY TOYE) made a charming group.

The Rev. German Buckston (JOAN PORTER; left) and the Hon. Mrs. Cole of Longford (CAROLINE STANLEY) were prominent members of the Hunt.

JUNE PHILIPS took the part of William Appleyard, the earthstopper.

Tom Leedham, the Huntsman (NOEL PEGGE), the hounds, and some of the Field before going into the ring. Several children, including Lord Scarsdale's girls, represented their own ancestors.

This trio consists of Lord Scarsdale of Kedleston (the HON. ANNE CURZON), Admiral Sir Frederick Curzon (the HON. GLORIA CURZON), and Hamar Bass, Esq., of Birkley (JOAN WILKINS).

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The marriage of MR. HUGH EARLE, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Loftus Earle, of Vale House, Windsor, to MISS MARGARET WYNDHAM, daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. William Wyndham, took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Helena Victoria, and Princess Marie-Louise were all present at the wedding.

The marriage of MAJOR the HON. W. S. P. ALEXANDER, Irish Guards, Lord Caledon's youngest brother, and MISS HERMIONE BUXTON, only daughter of the late Commander Bernard Buxton and Lady Hermione Buxton, took place at St. Mary's, Luton, Beds. The bride and bridegroom were piped out of church by a Guard of Honour of Irish Guards Pipers.

IT really *is* a party when you see three Duchesses and a Duke all in a row the moment you enter a ball-room! This impressive sight met my eyes at the Netherlands Legation Ball for Princess Juliana. The Duchess of Buccleuch was talking to the Duke of Argyll; the Duchess of Northumberland was next to them, wearing her blue sequin dress, with her biggest tiara. Not far off stood the Duchess of Abercorn, with her diadem of diamonds and emeralds; and Lady Midleton's looked as if it had just been cleaned, so brilliant was its white fire.

If the depression lifts any further, we shall really have to petition for dimmers for diamonds! Lady Jersey's display, which included the necklace and cross which Lord Jersey gave her at their wedding; Lady Granville's halo, with a huge rose of brilliants in the centre; and Lady Anglesey's heirloom crown combined to make a dazzle equal to motor headlights.

. . .

The HON. ROSEMARY JEAN BALFOUR, second daughter of Lord and Lady Kinross, is engaged to MR. ALEC MITCHELL, younger son of Lt.-Colonel Alexander Mitchell, of Tulliallan, Kincardine-on-Forth, and Monksford, St. Boswells.

Princess Juliana, who is slimmer, and so looks taller than she did when she came over last year, has lovely colouring. She was well suited by her white and silver frock and her long diamond earrings and diamond bandeau to hold her red-gold curls at the back of her head. She is enjoying her London visit, as she is very Anglophile and likes going about in English society. She arranged to attend the Duchess of Northumberland's ball on Friday, and was a guest at Lady Mildred Fitzgerald's the other Monday.

. . . . . .

To return to the Netherlands Legation party. The Prince of Wales did not dance, but Princess Juliana was not the only royal guest on the floor, for Princess Alice took a turn or two. The Legation is a big house, so there was plenty of space in the ball-room, and there are numerous rooms for the elders to sit about in. Incidentally, the pictures should be looked at, for they include many excellent Dutch seascapes and landscapes, and the Angelica Kaufmann ceiling in one of the small rooms is well worth getting a crick in the neck for.

. . . . . .

Mrs. Hoyer Millar, daughter of H.E. the Netherlands Minister and Mme. Van Swinderen, is delighted, as her husband has just been appointed to a three-year job in London. At the ball she wore pale blue, and looked very happy.

Mrs. Ruby Lindsay was also pleased with life. She was telling all her friends the glad news of her daughter's engagement to Lord Hinchingbrooke. "May I embrace her in the ball-room?" asked Lady Howe when she heard, and was told, "Yes, do. They are dancing together now." Lady Howe herself looked a dream in pale orchid-mauve chiffon and feathers and her big tiara.

. . . . . .

Lord Anglesey had a long talk with Lady Salisbury, and, in fact, there were a good many non-dancers who enjoyed conversation and found opportunities for indulging in it. Lady Massereene stayed till nearly one o'clock, and, as she was leaving, told her friends she was not off to bed, but to change into tweeds and start motoring to Scotland. She was hoping for a clear run up the Great North Road at that hour.

The marriage of MISS YIO-CHUNG LI (known to her friends as "Bessie"), daughter of Mr. Li Ming, Chairman of the Bank of China and Chekiang Industrial Bank, to Mr. Sze-Ming-Sze, house physician at St. Thomas's, and son of H.E. Mr. Sze, formerly Minister to the Court of St. James, and now Minister at Washington, is fixed for July 7. The simple Chinese civil ceremony will be conducted by H.E. Mr. Tai-Chi Quo, the Chinese Minister. This is a reproduction of a pastel portrait of the bride by Mrs. Mary Macleod.

. . .

Lady Bearsted's ball on the same night as the Netherlands Legation party was a gathering of the very young. All the débutantes of the year seemed to have assembled to dance in the three adjoining ball-rooms or sit out in the roofed-in balconies. The gardens, which are next Mr. Bossom's house over the way, were to have been used as additional sitting-out space, but the rain stopped that little plan.

Points from this dance include the mountains of raspberries (three-and-six for a *tiny* basket, dear!), as well as the more usual strawberries; and the wonderful arrangement of blocks of ice, in which cool green leaves were set, used as decoration and temperature regulation for the supper-tables.

. . . . . .

London's dancing population is very large, for the Jubilee Ball at the Dorchester produced a full ball-room on that very same night. Lady Maud Carnegie came with her husband, and danced all the old-fashioned waltzes with zest, but refused to attempt the polka. She has the smallest ankles and neatest feet I know, so her silver sandals, worn with a black net frock, were an excellent idea.

She and Lord Carnegie dined with Lady Violet Astor, whose party included her daughter, Mrs. Ririd Myddelton, a blonde in blue.

. . . . . .

Lady Linlithgow partnered Major Crankshaw; Lady Brassey and Lady Abergavenny were two celebrities not often seen in ball-rooms; and Lady Irene Clark goes to the top of the class for her original dress of pale-green satin, long and close-fitting, with big spots of a deeper shade and a low décolletage.

. . . . . .

The Russian Ballet season at Covent Garden has given the audiences in that famous house a very 1934 appearance. Gone is the "evening dress for all" rule, and in the stalls young women in "chemises Lacoste" sit cheek by jowl with those who still believe that evening functions demand a finished appearance.

Among those who were clad in the more conventional garb at the first 1934 presentation of "L'Oiseau de Feu" was Lady Melchett, in grey satin, a wise choice for anyone with her delicate blonde colouring. She was sitting in the Royal Box with Miss Olga Lynn. Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, in black taffeta, was one of the decorative figures in the stalls. Mrs. John van Druten was talking to numerous friends in the foyer, as were Lady Aberconway and Mr. Anthony Asquith.

. . . . . .

We are all two or three deep every afternoon in sherry-parties, though of course it's not as bad as it sounds. Lemonade and orange-juice are provided too! Most hostesses just offer drinks and chatter, so it was a delightful surprise to arrive at Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton's house and be told that there was music upstairs as well as refreshments, and conversation in the dining-room. M. Pierre Fournier, 'cello soloist of the Symphonic Orchestras of Paris, gave a most interesting programme, which began with Boccherini and ended with Granados and Fauré. He has a magnificent tone and great delicacy of touch, which showed particularly well in the Fauré "Papillon." Mrs. Alec Henderson, for once without her daughter Susan, was a guest, and I met Mrs. Cecil Bevis, accompanied by her Patty; and Lady St. John of Bletso.

. . .

Miss Barbara Boot's marriage to Mr. Willoughby Norman was one of the most crowded *and* one of the prettiest of the year. The music was simply lovely, and the flowers at the reception had been chosen to match the blue and white bridal retinue. Banks of delphiniums about eight feet high towered in beauty in the hall; and the pages, in white satin Jodhpurs and blue coats, were enchanting. I never saw a better or more varied selection of wedding presents. Personally, I coveted most the Chinese pictures given by Lord and Lady Aberconway.

The marriage of MISS INA HEATHER CAYZER, *only daughter of Lt.-Commander Sir August Cayzer, R.N., and Lady Cayzer, of Roffey Park, Horsham, Sussex, and Garthmore, Perthshire, to* MR. F. H. MARSDEN KAYE, *of Old House, Coolham, Sussex, was solemnised at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.*

. . . . . .

Notes and News of the Week. That lovely Russian, Iya Lady Abdy, is at Drogheda, in Ireland, hard at work on a new film which is going to feature Irish peasant life.

William Nicholson's new portrait of Lady Spencer, recently exhibited at the Leicester Galleries, has now been hung at Althorp, the house which contains Reynolds and Gainsborough family portraits; world-famous masterpieces by Rubens and Vandyck; pictures by Isaac Oliver, Watteau, Lely, Mignard, and other notable artists. It is in the "Modern Corner," with the Augustus John portrait of Lord Spencer and the Orpen of his father, the late Earl; for the Spencers are one of the few remaining great families who carry on the traditions of their ancestors and patronise Art with knowledge and taste.

Though many smart women are cutting their long shingles rather short again, Lady Ashley still wears hers at page-boy length. She looks her pale-golden best in her white satin with a deep crimson hem, and shoes and ostrich-feather cape to match.

. . .

Lady Gainsborough, Princess Marie-Louise, and Lady Carisbrooke are among Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck's sitters for water-colour portraits. He was at work on his picture of Lady Carisbrooke on his own private view day at Walker's Gallery, so could not be there early.

. . . . .

Lady Clementine Waring and Mrs. Woods had that enchanting artist, Engel Lund, as the attraction at their party. She sang folk-songs in eight languages, including Icelandic and Yiddish, to an audience which included Lady Forres and Marjorie Lady Nunburnholme.

Lady Forres, who usually chooses blue or green, to show off her prematurely white hair, wore brown for a change.

MARIEGOLD.

The marriage of MR. NICHOLAS TOWNSHEND DURHAM, *only son of Sir James and Lady Agnes Durham, to* MISS JOY DU PRE, *youngest daughter of Lt.-Colonel W. B. du Pre and Mrs. du Pre, of Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, was solemnised at St. Teresa's, Beaconsfield.* MR. G. K. CHESTERTON *was one of the guests.*

MR. GRAHAM RUSSELL MITCHELL, *son of Captain and Mrs. A. S. Mitchell, of Vectis Lodge, Bembridge, Isle of Wight, and* MISS ELEONORA PATRICIA ROBERTSON, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall Robertson, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bride wore a parchment-tinted satin dress, and a veil of heirloom Limerick lace, and carried a bouquet of water-lilies.*

The HON. BARBARA BOOT, *eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Trent, married* MR. WILLOUGHBY ROLLO NORMAN, *son of Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride wore a heavy crêpe dress. Her lace veil was held in place by a plait of tulle and clusters of orange-blossom.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THIS KEEPER AT THE "ZOO"—FOR MAKING PALS WITH A POISONOUS PET.

TOMMY WESTON (here seen on Cap-a-Pie)—FOR SAVING A SHARER OF VICTORY FROM THE SHAFTS.

IT is easy enough for a "Zoo" Keeper to tame a constricting snake, but venomous snakes with a kindly feeling for man are rare. JONAH, the Cobra, however, likes being handled, and is willing to show off the beauties of his hood in return for petting! His love of mankind was discovered owing to his lack of pugnacity. Every feeding-time he was in grave danger, for his brothers invariably swallowed him alive, and he had to be rescued by being pulled out of their jaws! Obviously he *had* to be named Jonah! Equally obviously, his appreciation of being handled was discovered.

WHEN TOMMY WESTON, the jockey, glanced at the horse being auctioned after a Selling Race at Folkestone, he found it was an old friend, Cap-a-Pie, on which he had ridden a number of races, when it was in the Stanley House string, during the 1927 season. Age had now made him useless as a race-horse, so Weston bid; secured him for twenty-five guineas, and arranged for him to be destroyed painlessly, thus saving him from pulling a cart—or worse.

CAPTAIN RONALD NEIL STUART, who has been appointed to command the *Empress of Britain*, and thus becomes Commodore of the C.P.R. Fleet, is a "Q"-ship V.C. and a D.S.O. He won his V.C. in June 1917, when commanding the *Pargust*, disguised as a merchant ship. He sank a German U-boat through gallantry and brilliant tactics.

MRS. EDWARD McLEAN is the owner of the Hope Diamond, which she wore at the Chicago World's Fair, and brought with her to England on board the *Carinthia*, as she never parts from it for a moment. The Hope Diamond has a reputation for bringing bad luck to its owners.

FOUR ENGLISH GIRLS were the first to swim the Bosphorus this year. The two in our snapshot were the winners.

HENRY COTTON, the English professional at Waterloo, Belgium, did a good score of 67 in the first round of the Open Golf Championship at Royal St. George's. In the second round he broke all records for the Championship with a 65, which is one better than the remarkable 66 which he did in the qualifying rounds.

CAPTAIN RONALD NEIL STUART, V.C.—FOR HIS CHANGE OF PROFESSION — FROM SENDING A SHIP INTO DANGER TO KEEPING ONE IN SAFETY.

MRS. EDWARD McLEAN—FOR MAKING THE ILL-FAMED HOPE DIAMOND INTO A MASCOT.

THESE TWO ENGLISH GIRLS—FOR BEING MODERN WINNING HERO-INES WHO SUCCESSFULLY SWAM THE BOSPHORUS WITHOUT LEANDERS.

HENRY COTTON (Waterloo, Brussels)—FOR MAKING ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S COURSE LOOK SMALL.

"THE HIGHER THE FEWER," SAYS GRAN'POP.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

G.E. 406. A.

WICKET KEEPER: *"How's that!"*

UMPIRE (with glass of GUINNESS): "Very Refreshing!"

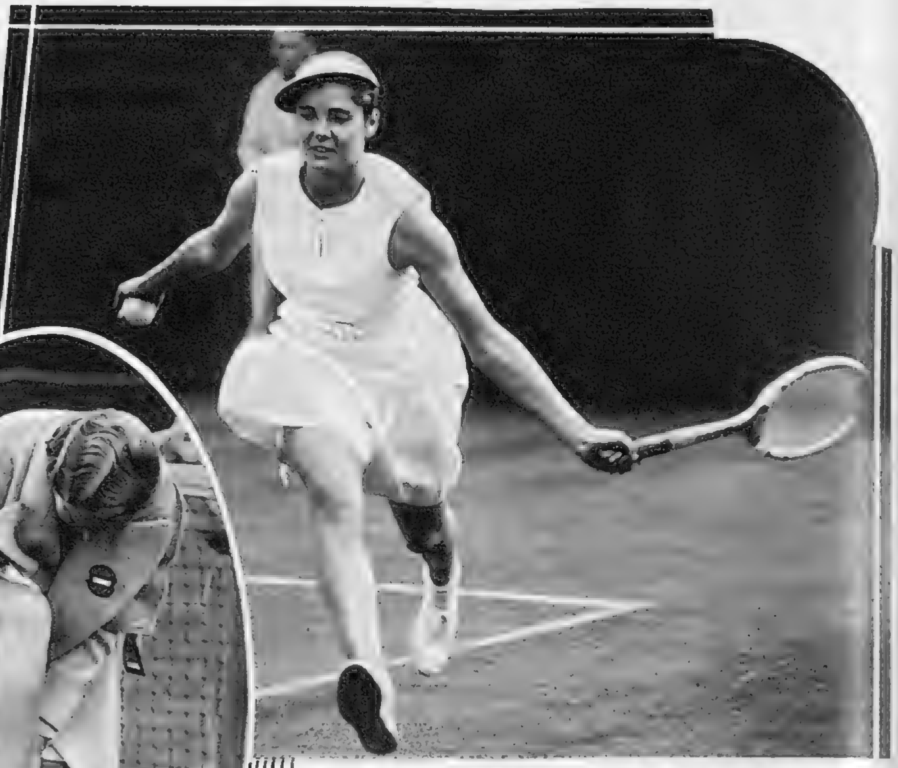
PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA.

TENNIS IN THE 'EIGHTIES — BY MISS PAMELA KINGSMILL.

MISS PAMELA KINGSMILL, one of the charming daughters of Mrs. Redmond McGrath, will wear this amusing lawn tennis costume of the 'eighties in the Pageant of Tennis at the Tennis Ball at Grosvenor House on July 9. Lady Wavertree is the chairman, and the ball is in aid of the Wallingford Home for Invalid Children and the London School for the Blind. Miss Betty Nuthall, Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Mr. F. J. Perry, Miss Round, Mr. "Bunny" Austin, and other Wimbledon stars have promised to help in the pageant.

VIOLENT MOVEMENT ON THE COURTS

MR. F. J. PERRY, Great Britain's No. 1 player, in action.

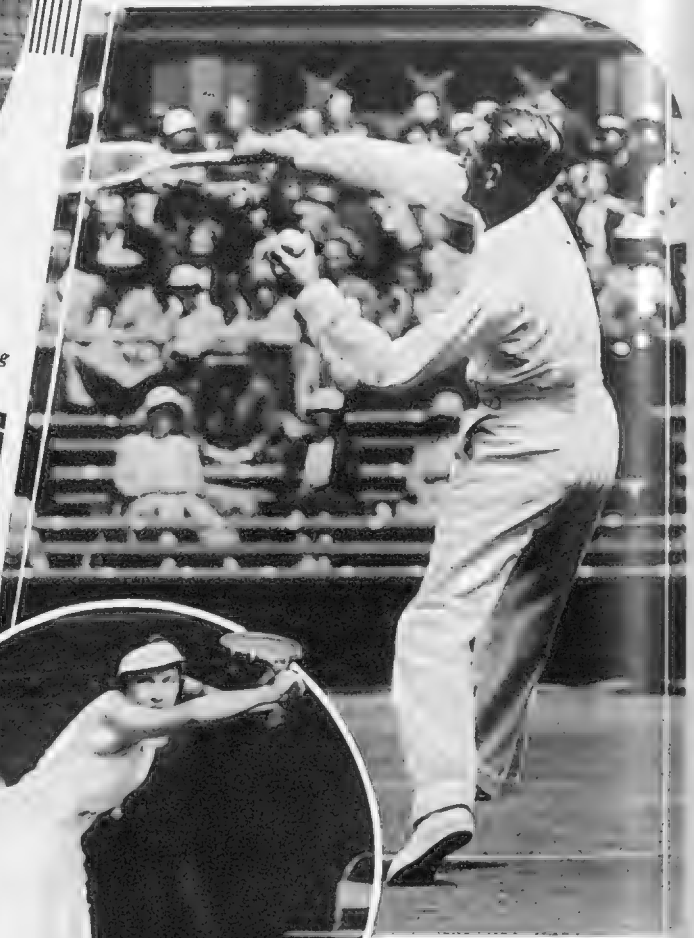


MISS K. STAMMERS (G.B.) running for a ball on the side line.

MISS F. JAMES (G.B.) putting on oversocks, to avoid slipping.

MR. V. McGRATH (Australia) playing a forehand shot—with his right hand only!

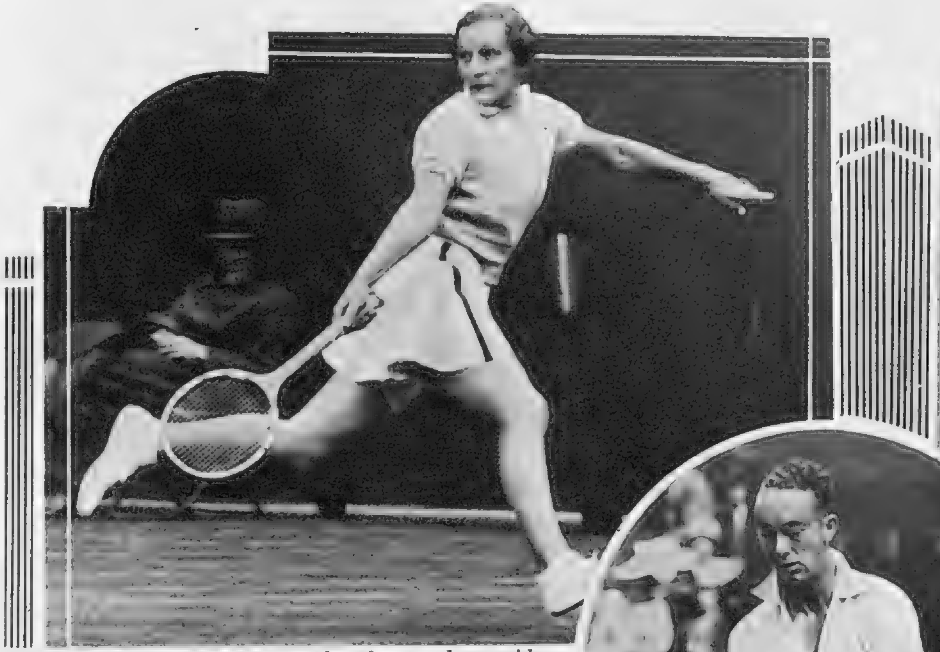
Right: A notable action snapshot of MISS MARY HEELEY playing a difficult shot.



MR. J. H. CRAWFORD (Australia) in play on the Centre Court.

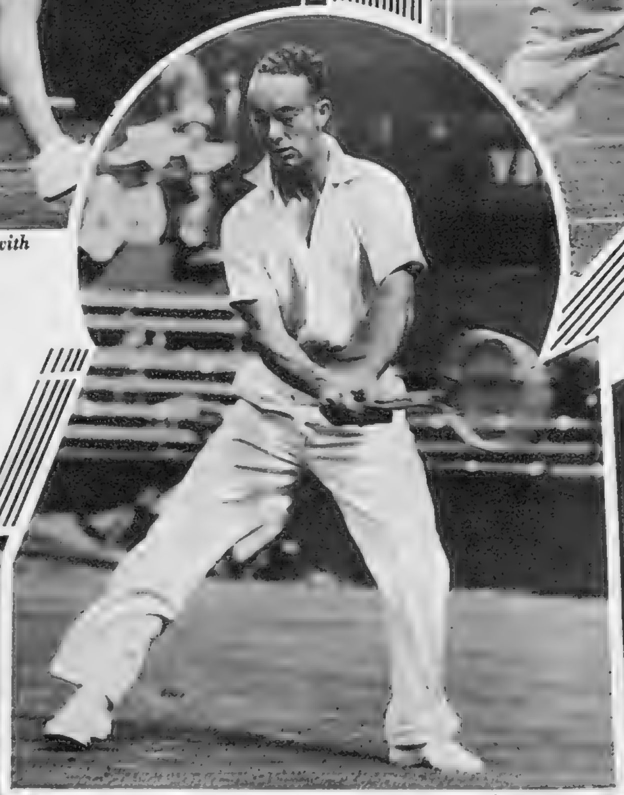
FRÄULEIN M. HORN (Germany) taking a ball on the back line.

AND TWO QUIET STUDIES, AT WIMBLEDON.



MISS HELEN JACOBS, in her famous shorts with the stripe down the side.

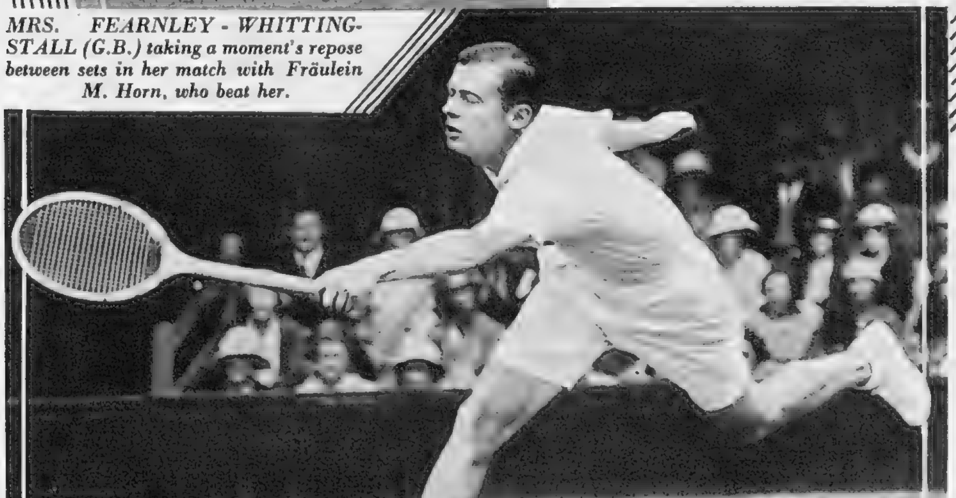
A ball-boy retrieving MR. H. W. ("BUNNY") AUSTIN'S racquet, which he dropped when in play against Herr H. Denken (Germany).



MR. V. McGRATH (Australia) playing his famous two-handed "golfing" backhand stroke.

MRS. FEARNLEY - WHITTING-STALL (G.B.) taking a moment's repose between sets in her match with Fräulein M. Horn, who beat her.

Right: MISS MARY HEELEY (G.B.) just in time to get to a ball when playing against Miss D. Round (G.B.), who won.



M. BOUSSUS (France) racing across the court.

FRÄULEIN CILLY AUSSEM (Germany) in play.

THE HEIRS TO TWO PEERAGES ENGAGED: LORD HINCHINGBROOKE AND THE HON. JOHN SCOTT-ELLIS, AND THEIR FIANCÉES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAY WRIGHTSON

VISCOUNT HINCHINGBROOKE (left), elder son of the Earl of Sandwich, is engaged to MISS ROSEMARY PETO (1), daughter of Major Ralph Peto and of Mrs. Ruby Lindsay. Miss Peto closely resembles her mother, who was one of the loveliest Society girls of the pre-war period.——The HON. JOHN SCOTT-ELLIS, only son of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, is to marry COUNTESS IRENE HARRACH, daughter of Count Hans Albrecht and Countess Helene Harrach (née Countess Arco Zinneberg). This wedding, which will probably take place towards the end of August, will link the family of Lord Howard de Walden with that of Prince Lichnowsky, who was German Ambassador in London when war broke out; as the Countess Irene is Princess Lichnowsky's niece. She belongs to a great German family.

VANDYK, AND ANTON SAHM

THE WEEK'S HEADLINE FACES.

MRS. ORMOND LAWSON-JOHNSTON (l.) and MISS VERA GRENFELL, leaving Captain Victor Cazalet's house after a party, to discuss the Dockland Settlements and Highway Club's Ball, fixed for July 3.

MRS. BARBARA BURGE (right), the widow of Mr. Burge, the third magistrate to be murdered at Midnapore, is seen with MRS. TODD and MRS. GRAHAM after receiving her Kaisar-i-Hind medal (First-Class) from H.M. the King, at Buckingham Palace.

BARONESS RAVENSDALE, Chairman of the Committee for the Dockland Settlements and Highway Club's Ball, fixed for July 3. She is the late Marquess Curzon's eldest daughter.

A snapshot from the picturesque Coaching Club Meet in Hyde Park. COLONEL WALSH is on the box of his coach, with LADY BROOKE beside him. MR. TREVOR is standing beside his sister, MISS TREVOR, whose hat is fastened with strings of seed pearls.

LIEUT. J. A. TALBOT PONSONBY, 7th Hussars, won the King George V. Cup for Officers' Jumping, at Olympia, on Best Girl, exhibited by the Equitation School, Weedon.

The Competitors in the "Rose Bowl" competition at the Ladies' and Children's Annual Swimming Competitions at the Bath Club. Our group shows the winner, LADY LETTICE ASHLEY COOPER (second from right), MRS. ILTID NICHOLL (third from right), and MISS BETTY GRAHAM, MRS. DILLON and MISS MARY HENNIKER-HEATON.

The competitors for the "Maud Nathan" Cup competition at the Bath Club are seen, l. to r., standing, MISS SYBIL CAVENDISH, MISS DOROTHY CHAPMAN, MISS BEATRICE GROSVENOR, the winner, MISS NORMA CALVOCORESSI, and MISS BRIGID DUNN. MISS PAMELA BELLAIRS and MISS PAMELA COHEN are seated.

MISS CAMILLA PARKER wore a simple, beautifully-cut dress at the dance which Lady Heron-Maxwell and Mrs. Hugh Parker gave for her and Miss Rosamond Timpson. Note the stitched velvet belt, shoulder straps, and "wings."

(Left) MISS ROSAMOND TIMPSON wore a simple and becoming georgette dress at the dance which Lady Heron-Maxwell and Mrs. Hugh Parker gave for her and Miss Camilla Parker.

(Right) MISS DENISE WEISWEILLER wore a satin dress at the dance which her grandmother, Lady Sassoon, gave for her and her sister, Miss Edmée Weisweiller, at 17, Belgrave Square.

THE DRESSES THEY WORE AT THEIR DANCES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SASHA, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

BOWLING HEROES OF THE TESTS, WHEN THEY WERE VERY YOUNG.

Kenneth Farnes (centre), aged seventeen, as Captain of the Royal Liberty School XI in 1928.

The future cricketer with his school Soccer team: Hedley Verity, aged about fourteen.

An early taste of the willow: Farnes aged about ten.

K. Farnes in action.

Verity bowling.

Here he is very young: K. Farnes aged about three.

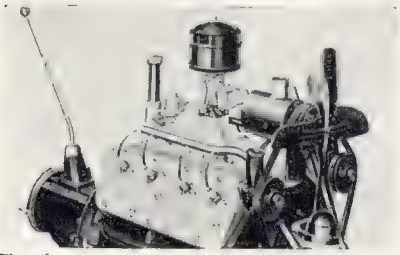
And younger still: Farnes as a baby.

IN the first Test Match against the Australians, at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, K. Farnes distinguished himself on a dry wicket by taking five wickets for 102 runs in the first innings, and in the second by taking five wickets for 77. He is a fast right-hand bowler, who plays for Essex. He was born in 1911, educated at the Royal Liberty School, Romford, and Cambridge University. He obtained his "Blue" in 1931, and the following season topped the Cambridge bowling averages, taking forty-one wickets for 21 runs apiece.

An early photograph of Verity with his small sister.

ON a wet wicket, in the second Test at Lord's, Verity gave a brilliant performance. He set up a new Test bowling record by taking fifteen wickets during the match—fourteen of them in one day—for 104 runs, thus winning the match for England. The only other bowler who has ever taken fifteen wickets in a Test Match was Wilfred Rhodes, in 1904, at Melbourne, when he had 124 runs hit off him. Verity is a left-handed slow spin bowler; and plays for Yorkshire. He is a fair bat. He was born in 1905 at Headingley, Leeds.

V-8 VICTORIA COUPÉ, NEWLY REDUCED PRICE, £230, AT WORKS, DAGENHAM



The aluminium cylinder-heads permit higher compression than formerly, with material improvement of power, and enhanced fuel-economy.

To those whose choice of cars is unlimited we make one request—Drive a new V-8. The nearest Ford Dealer will let this fine car reveal itself . . . . its incredible sports performance, its comfort and safety, and its smooth silence.

To those whose choice is limited by cost we also say, " Drive a new V-8." Then investigate how little it costs to own one . . . . how low first cost because of Ford production methods, low depreciation because of long life, and low insurance and maintenance charges bring a new V-8 within your reach.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1

1/6
PER BOX OF SIX

You can buy **JOIE DE VIVRE** *at*

FORTNUM & MASON · ARMY & NAVY STORES · HARRODS · JOHN LEWIS
PETER JONES · ROBINSON & CLEAVER · DEBENHAM & FREEBODY · SELFRIDGES
BARKERS · DERRY & TOMS · GAMAGES · AND OTHER FIRST CLASS STORES
ALSO CLARIDGES · SAVOY · BERKELEY · CARLTON · & L.M.S. HOTELS

Manufactured by JOIE DE VIVRE LTD · 187, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

The Memorial Exhibition of Paintings by the late VEREKER M. HAMILTON (1856—1931) at the Beaux-Arts Gallery consists principally of pictures of the Russian Ballet. The artist may be best remembered by his large battle-pieces, but late in his life, when the Russian Ballet came to London, he found a new series of subjects, and made a set of Ballet Studies which it may be interesting to compare with the Ballet of to-day. This is "GRANDE JETÉE," one of the classic steps.

"SPECIAL REHEARSAL."

"GRANDS BATTEMENTS."

"LIMELIGHT."

"CHILDREN'S TALES."

THE RUSSIAN BALLET OF PAVLOVA'S DAY.

REPRODUCED FROM THE PICTURES BY THE LATE VEREKER M. HAMILTON, ON VIEW AT THE BEAUX-ARTS GALLERY.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

Now that Dr. Bridie has made his name as a dramatist by "A Sleeping Clergyman," a confessed "little piece of nonsense" such as "COLONEL WOTHERSPOON" is worth attention, for from the Arts Theatre it is sure to wander to the repertory of many amateur companies. It is essentially a play for *dilettanti*, written in a meandering mood. What Colonel Wotherspoon has to do with the case I do not know—he may be the wraith of "public opinion" behind the scenes of the little comedy, which shows a Scottish family, mainly squabbling over the first novel (by a stroke of luck, best seller) of a young man in business who believes in his gifts to add to his exchequer. He himself is full of inhibitions when his very superior fiancée laughs his literature to scorn; he does not get a swollen head until an American siren takes his next book in hand as an agent. The rest of the family, on the other hand—the masterful mother, the loquacious uncle, the blunt fiancée, the seductive American—know no restrictions of thought or expression.

Such a rude, uncouth, blatantly outspoken family is unique on our stage, and for a while their explosive blusterings are diverting, until the accumulation and repetition of them become all too overwhelming. Yet there is a good deal of observation in this play—how often does not decorum impel us mortals to utter a dulcet platitude when in our soul "we see red." This turning inside out of the human "lining" is the newest form of the experimental play. It was acted with great zest and joy by Miss Jean Cadell, capital in her motherly self-sufficiency; by Miss Betty Hardy, as clever, as devastating as a human hawk can be; by Miss Molly Rankin, true brittle American steel; by Mr. Julian d'Albie, amusingly *insupportable* as the uncle who talks endlessly and has no one to listen to him; and by Mr. Barry K. Barnes, a very pleasant *jeune premier*, who skilfully and unobtrusively let us feel what may go on in the soul of a young man hurtled sky-high by his first yet fatuous success.

A storm over a baptism in "QUEEN OF SCOTS," at the New Theatre. The characters are (l. to r.) Mary (GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES), Lord James Stuart (FELIX AYLMER), Maitland of Lethington (CAMPBELL GULLAN), Darnley (GLEN BYAM SHAW), and Bothwell (LAURENCE OLIVIER). Darnley is giving Bothwell a gratuitous box on the ear. He is observed by the Queen and Ministers. He has stated that Mary's child is none of his business, and that the christening will have to struggle along without him.

It is too late in the day to praise such a masterpiece of tragi-comedy as Sean O'Casey's "JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK," now being revived by the Irish Players at the Embassy, Swiss Cottage, and it is almost too late to praise their brilliant performance. All I can say is that, if there should be any who have not already seen the play, here again is another opportunity—an opportunity that no lover of the drama or of the art of acting would miss; while for those who are already familiar with the hopeless peacock, Captain Boyle, with his boon companion, Joxer, it can only be said that familiarity breeds even greater enjoyment. For these characters are so vital, so rich with life, so individual, and the story that unfolds itself, dramatic as it is in its happenings, is all the more amusing and poignant by turns because it is so inevitable. Mr. Arthur Sinclair brings Captain Boyle to life, and Miss Maire O'Neill is equally complete as Juno. Mr. Fred O'Donovan repeats his excellent study of Joxer, the drunken chorus, and Miss Cathleen Drago, with her rich humour, fills the stage while she is on it with warmth and vivacity. Mr. Tony Quinn, Miss Mary Allan, and Mr. E. J. Kennedy weave the tragic ironies of the unhappy love-story; and the rest of the company, headed by Mr. J. A. O'Rourke, come and go, always with strong and calculated effect, etching their studies, contributing to the whole, until the final curtain—that consummate last act—brings to a close a play that has already taken its recognised place in dramatic literature.

"Darnley doesn't give a darn" is the title of this impression from "Queen of Scots." "Drink the good old whisky, drink it down," is the motto of King Henry Darnley (GLEN BYAM SHAW). He finds Scotland depressing, although later, as history teaches, things took an upward tendency for him!

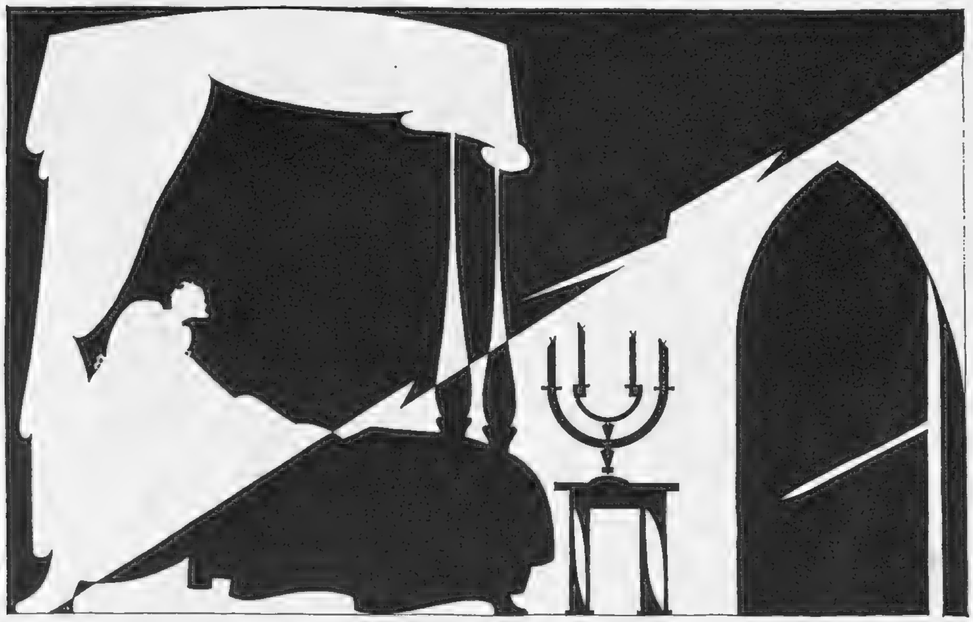
The clouds threatened overhead as we took our seats in the Open-Air Theatre to watch the O.U.D.S. give their performance of "RICHARD III.," ominous clouds that lent a touch of their own to this vivid, swift-moving, tensely dramatic epitome of English history. Produced by Miss Leontine Sagan, with costumes and *décor* stylised after the manner of the Wriothesley MS., it gained by the space it enjoyed, gained by the setting that Nature herself contributed to, and from the opening notes of the horn we were held. For, to the credit of the performers, the splendour of Shakespeare's verse and the rapidity of the plot's unfolding were done full justice. It was a striking portrait that Mr. Peter Glenville drew of the villainous Richard of Gloucester, full of nuance and subtlety in its depiction of his varying moods and yet, despite the villainy, not robbed of a royal distinction. How smooth and "pleasing" the treacherous Buckingham of Mr. David King-Wood, and, apart from a tendency to inaudibility, there was a distinction in the performance of Mr. Richard Heppel as Clarence. At this performance the part of King Edward IV. was played by Mr. Felix Felton, and though the part be brief, it was particularly praiseworthy—a cameo that stands out among so many good studies. Miss Sagan, in the episode of the wooing by the bier, gave the Lady Anne both spirit and perplexity, and her whole production, though limited, as we were informed by a programme note, in its use of effects, in respect of the amenities of the park, was one making full use of pageantry and situation, employing the grassy stage to commendable effect. The O.U.D.S. are distinguished amateurs, but there is nothing weakly amateurish in their production or performance.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE director of "MOULIN ROUGE" (Leicester Square Theatre) has had a tough job handed out to him, and has done his best with it. The story is a wholly artificial hotch-potch of several well-tried themes. There is the revue actress yearning to get back to the stage and prevented from so doing by a possessive husband. There is the familiar impersonation of a foreign star, triumphantly achieved by said wife when she leaves her husband. And, finally, there is the situation wherein she, under the thin disguise of fair hair and an unconvincing French accent, vamps her own spouse. The only thing to do with all this was to whip it up into a *soufflé*. Unfortunately, neither the dialogue nor the comedy inventions, nor, frankly, Constance Bennett's rather colourless imitation of a Parisian *divette*, are the stuff of which



A mystery of history presented on the stage in "Queen of Scots": Darnley (GLEN BYAM SHAW) awaits death by person or persons unknown.

good *soufflés* are made. But Miss Bennett looks beautiful in several beautiful creations, and Charles Rosher's polished photography gallantly lends its glamour to stage numbers and back-stage dalliance alike.

What a fine artist is Elisabeth Bergner! A trite remark, but one which sums up the chief impression made on me by "THE LOVES OF ARIANE" (Rialto). For this picture, made in France some years ago, under Dr. Paul Czinner's able direction, suffers from rather poor lighting and photography, is occasionally jerky in continuity, and presents Percy Marmont in a part for which he is obviously unsuited. Yet Miss Bergner's study of a young and innocent girl in love with an English philanderer makes the whole thing worth while. To satisfy his ideas of an *amourette*, she invents a series of affairs of the heart, and nearly loses her lover when she confesses to her deception. Miss Bergner's delicate suggestion of emotional undercurrents—above all, that very individual quality she possesses of keeping us on the *qui vive* for her next move, keeps the interest taut. She hovers like a humming-bird above a flower, quiveringly alive even in her stillness, and when she strikes, she does it with perfect precision.

James Cagney has been involved in strange rackets on the screen before now, but none stranger than that which provides him with a crooked job in "JIMMY THE GENT" (Regal). He is an "heir-chaser," which means that, acting on inside information supplied by his gang, Jimmy is ready to hunt up the missing heirs whenever death releases an unclaimed fortune. The film opens violently with a series of swift disasters—the sort that Jimmy thrives on—and continues to be diligently violent throughout most of its footage. Apart from an effort to ape the "culture" of a gentlemanly rival, for the sake of his pretty secretary (Bette Davis), Jimmy is mostly engaged in staging an elaborate and unsavoury plan by which a murderer is enabled to collect his inheritance. Cagney smashes through the picture at top speed, reeling off the jargon of the underworld like a loud-speaker in a hurry, and bullying all and sundry into acquiescence. His performance is of a kind popularly described as dynamic; personally, I prefer to see him in a part that demands more *finesse* and less of the battering-ram.

Since Leontine Sagan first gave us a girl's boarding-school as a background for dramatic conflict, the possibilities of the subject have attracted the attention of the playwright and the film-director. Hollywood has caught the craze, and sends us, in "FINISHING SCHOOL" (Plaza), yet another variant of the theme, a story strongly reminiscent of "Eight Girls in a Boat." Once again we are shown a girl in a luxury school, involved in a clandestine *affaire* with a penniless medical student and faced with the problem of approaching maternity. This time, however, the director has not focussed our attention so firmly on the heroine, but has aimed at presenting the school as a whole, with girls and mistresses sharply defined. Frances Dee's fine performance of the central character, courageous and sincere, finds an effective foil in Billie Burke's selfish, artificial Society mother. Ginger Rogers, excellent as a racy, wisecracking schoolgirl, and Bruce Cabot, the young man in the case, add to the appeal of a well-acted production.

Whether you enjoy the supporting picture at the Plaza, "MANY HAPPY RETURNS," depends entirely on your reaction to the Burns and Allen brand of humour, for the entertainment is solely designed to exploit these two comedians. Gracie Allen's supreme foolishness is the mainspring of a story discreetly padded by the interpolation of dance music by Guy Lombardo and his Boys, a couple of attractive dance numbers, and an unnamed performer on a mouth-organ. Gracie starts in by pulling down her father's store, in order to build a bird-sanctuary. When Mr. Allen discovers this catastrophe he decides it will be well worth his while to pay any man heavily provided he marries his daughter and removes her from his sight. Needless to say, the hapless George Burns is the victim, and I am inclined to sympathise with his final conclusion that a little of Gracie goes a long way.

"QUEEN OF SCOTS," the Gordon Daviot play at the New Theatre, has inspired Sherriffs to verse. "Mary, Mary, quite contrary," he writes, "How do your love-affairs go? With Muffled Groans, And Hollow Moans, And Corpses all in a row!" MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES is the Queen herself.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

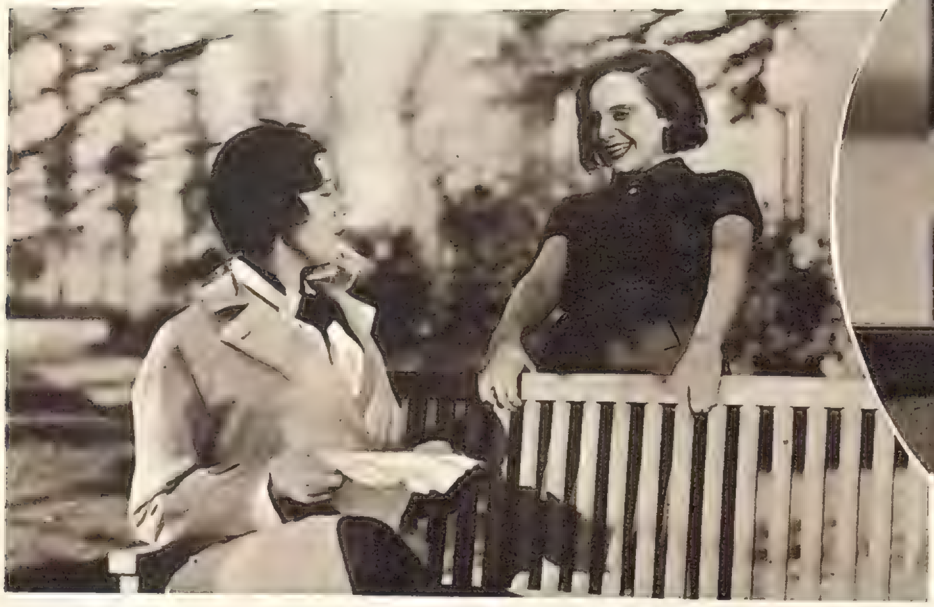
ELISABETH BERGNER'S NEW PICTURE: "THE LOVES OF ARIANE."

ELISABETH BERGNER'S new picture is Universal's "THE LOVES OF ARIANE," at the Rialto. This story of the emotional life of a young Russian girl opens in the auditorium of the Opera House during a performance of "Don Juan." There Anthony Fraser, the English hero (PERCY MARMONT), meets Ariane.

As Ariane, ELISABETH BERGNER runs up and down the emotional scale with her usual amazing art. She is with PERCY MARMONT as Anthony.

Ariane has her tragic moments.

Ariane finds the time and the place and the loved one all together. This "still" illustrates one of her moments of complete happiness.



Ariane has that gamine gaiety which THE BERGNER knows so well how to portray.

Ariane has to make a decision at a telegraph office.

A SAFE BET AT ALL TIMES

and for every mood is the soft, genial flavour of **HAIG—**

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

"EVERGREEN," AND "THE OLD HOUSE"— JESSIE MATTHEWS.

1. *"The Old House" is the converted farmhouse home of MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS and her husband, MR. SONNIE HALE. It stands in beautiful gardens in which the owners take a great and personal interest.*
2. *Part of "The Old House" was built before Hampton Court Palace, but the Cocktail Corner is very 1934. JESSIE MATTHEWS and SONNIE HALE are having an apéritif.*
3. *Simplicity is a feature of the decoration. MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS'S latest film, "Evergreen," is still doing record business at the New Gallery.*
4. *MR. SONNIE HALE and MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS have a notable fireside of their own to sit by! They are both under contract to the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation.*
5. *MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS'S bed-room looks out on to the garden. The crystal candelabra, and the wrought-iron lamp with electric "candles" are features of the furnishing.*

so THE THIRD PROCESS adds safety to engine lubrication

Like the parachute, The Third Process saves life — the life of the motor engine. It is an added measure which supplements the ordinary processes of refining and blending, and gives Essolube all the 5-star qualities of the perfect motor oil.

The Third Process strengthens Essolube's resistance to heat, prolongs the life of the oil. That is why Essolube never gets too thin to lubricate efficiently, however hot the weather or however long the driver maintains high speed. The Third Process also checks the formation of carbon and sludge, which are so ruinous to the engine.

Essolube Motor Oil is sold in glass bottles, pints and quarts, sealed with coloured seals — silver, red, blue and green — which identify the grades. See the seal removed when buying. Also in 5-gallon drums, the cheapest way to buy.

Essolube

(Pronounced ESSO-LUBE)

THE 5-STAR MOTOR OIL

HERGESHEIMER HEROINES IN "JAVA HEAD."

1. MISS ANNA MAY WONG is Taou Yuen, the Manchu wife of Gerrit Ammidon, in "JAVA HEAD," the Basil Dean Associated Talking Picture version of the Hergesheimer novel. Taou Yuen discovers that Gerrit loves the European Nettie, and kills herself so as to secure his happiness.

[Continued opposite.

2. MR. EDMUND GWENN, as Jeremy Ammidon, founder of the firm of Ammidon and Sons, shipowners of the Port of Bristol. He dies of shock when he finds that his son has built up the business on the opium trade.

3. MISS ELIZABETH ALLAN is Nettie Vollar, the English girl, whose youthful romance with Gerrit is interrupted. The lovers are reunited by Taou Yuen's sacrifice.

4. MR. JOHN LODER plays Gerrit Ammidon, master of the "Nautilus," the finest of the Ammidon ships. He is a lover of the sea, and a romantic at heart, in contrast to his commercially astute and conventional brother, William.

2

4

MATITA
in a
Mexican
Setting

The Restaurant EL PATIO Rupert St.

She
shall be
charming
wherever she goes
MATITA . . .

THE GODDESS OF SPORT
MATITA LTD. Mus. 0725

From EXCLUSIVE *shops throughout the* WORLD

THOROUGHBRED PARLOURMAID AND SELLING PLATER— "SADIE McKEE."

"SADIE McKEE," the new M-G-M. picture due at the Empire on Friday, has MISS JOAN CRAWFORD in the name-part. She was a cook's daughter, but a thoroughbred. She took a turn as parlourmaid to oblige her mother. She hears Michael (FRANCHOT TONE) say that her beloved Tommy is a crook, and nearly throws the soup in his face.

Sadie (JOAN CRAWFORD) is only a temporary parlourmaid. She becomes a dancer, and marries the rich drunkard, Brennan (EDWARD ARNOLD).

Sadie (JOAN CRAWFORD) is badly "let down" by her love, Tommy, the crooner (GENE RAYMOND), so she decides to marry Brennan for his money.

The rôle of Sadie gives JOAN CRAWFORD emotional opportunities. She sells herself to the boozing Brennan, but cures him of drink; loses her Tommy by death, and finally renews her romance with the rich Michael.

"I SEE YOU USE IT BEHIND THE SCENES, AS WELL"

IT IS NO SECRET that salt improves an egg, or that mint sauce goes with lamb, but there are people who do not realise the important part that Lea & Perrins Sauce plays in flavouring their food. This famous sauce is blended and matured with all the care bestowed on a fine wine. It is used by chefs in all the best hotels and restaurants of the world, and herein lies the difference between a dish and a delicacy. To be sure of a healthy and hearty appetite, ask the waiter for Lea & Perrins Take it with your soup, fish and grill. It's a sportsman's relish.

ENJOY LIFE AND GOOD LIVING WITH

Lea and Perrins Sauce

MATURED LIKE A GOOD WINE

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Willoughby Corbo was the illegitimate son of Lord Ollebeare, an impoverished peer with plenty of character, but little sense of responsibility. His mother was a cook. His father generously entrusted his upbringing to an uncle—who, not unnaturally, perhaps, neglected it. The end of the war saw Willoughby arrive at man's estate. He had little education, no money at first, and he spent much of his time in amorous day-dreams. Family influence, and a certain assurance of manner, got him a post as secretary to Lord Stumber. Discovered, after a convivial dinner-party, making love to his employer's wife, he was immediately discharged. From this time on his fortunes fluctuated. His heart may be said to have ruled his head. Living with another uncle on his father's estate, he acquired a taste for country life which he never lost. Lucy Langton, however, with whom he presently fell in love, was the cultivated daughter of an even more cultivated father. Mr. Langton was distressed by Willoughby's lack of classical education: indeed, he thoroughly disapproved of the young man as a suitor for his daughter. Lucy went abroad, and Willoughby, desolated, fell in with a "vicious vixen" called Frances, who soon completed his education in love.

There followed days of disappointment, disillusion, and despair. Willoughby tried to make his living as salesman of an article called the Saveyerlaber Copper, but he failed; tried to get a job as a navvy, but found he lacked the necessary qualifications. He began to go downhill, and nearly committed a murder. This was the nadir of his career. Once more his uncle, and country life, came to his rescue. He began to think of Lucy. He followed her to Leipzig. He married her. They had a perfect year together. But Willloughby was more than ever a country bumpkin, and Lucy still hungered for culture and enlightenment. . . .

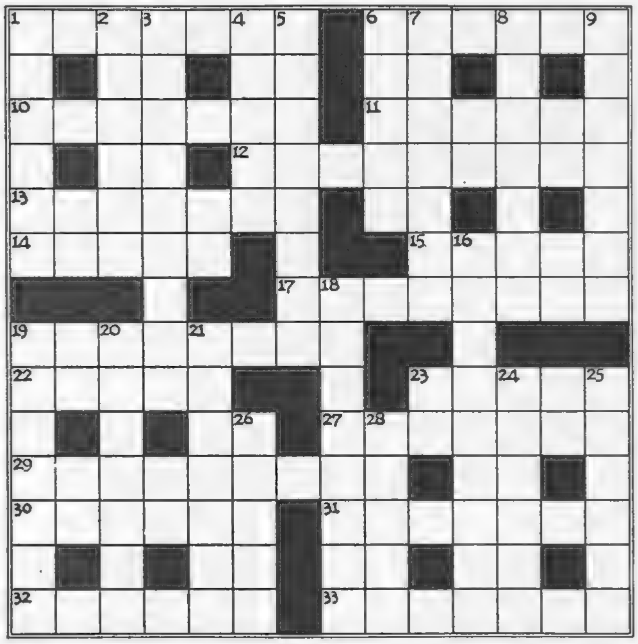
Incongruities. "Defy the Foul Fiend" is an odd story, bearing little resemblance either to "His Monkey Wife" or "Tom 's a-Cold.". It is a tale of to-day, but told in the manner of a century back. Mr. Collier's prose is careful, studied, and a little archaic. Some of the dialogue is realistic; but Willoughby himself talks in the stilted, formal fashion of one of Bulwer Lytton's novels. So do his father and his uncle Ralph; perhaps pomposity of diction ran in the family. Willoughby's friend, Baiye (admittedly a "superior" young man), is exaggeratedly precious. On the other hand, Lucy and Frances and Mr. Hendred and the navvies use the idioms of contemporary speech. It is all rather confusing. Memories of Peacock and Meredith seem to invade Mr. Collier's mind, only to be pushed out by a more up-to-date point of view. Sometimes the satire is so broad that it becomes like farce; sometimes we are required to lend our entire sympathy to Willoughby, crossed in love and down and out. Irony, elaborate irony, is the story's prevailing mood, and yet clearly Mr. Collier means us to take seriously his hero's spiritual and mental Odyssey—the intellectual excitements, even the emotion of passionate and romantic love, that ruled his youth being gradually subdued to an overwhelming preoccupation with garden and field and orchard. In nature, in the procession of the seasons, lies salvation. This, if I read it aright, is the moral of Mr. Collier's story—a story which is full of wise things, often brilliantly said. Its chief defects are, in my view, a tendency to wobble between realism and romance, and a rather tiresomely oracular utterance. It is not that one necessarily dislikes a formal or even an archaic way of writing. A too intimate manner can be annoying; the reader does not want his author to pluck him by the sleeve or whisper in his ear. But it is pleasant to hear from time to time the unaffected sound of the human voice, and this is what is lacking in Mr. Collier's pages. He writes like a book, too much like a book. A pity; for among our younger novelists none has a keener sense of the beauties and possibilities of English prose.

"Breakfast in Bed." Miss Sylvia Thompson, on the other hand, is as contemporary as it is possible to be. This is no affectation in her; her mind works that way. She is as responsive to passing fashions in dress, speech, manners as is the barometer to the weather—perhaps more. At the moment it is the mode to survey the social scene with a specially keen eye for distinctions between rich and poor. Miss Thompson has adopted this point of view in "Breakfast in Bed." She shows us, in cross-section, a day in the lives of the human beings inhabiting No. 9, Smith Square: that is to say, Sir Frederick and Lady Nicholson, their daughter Clare, and their considerable staff of servants. She reveals to us, also, less imposing interiors: a flat in the King's Road, where Clare clandestinely visited her lover, Mark Petre, and, still lower in the scale of comfort, a tenement house where Lily Cashmore, whose husband was out of work, nursed her new-born, irascible baby. Lily provides the story with its chief dramatic interest. In answer to Lady Nicholson's advertisement for a maid, she arrives at Smith Square (increasing her natural embarrassment by coming at the wrong time), faints from nervousness and exhaustion, and is put to bed, at Clare's wish, in the spare room. This charitable but unconventional act produces a crisis in the household. Sir Frederick and Lady Nicholson are horrified; so are some of the servants; the room must be swept, cleaned, and possibly disinfected from the pollution of poor Lily's brief occupancy. And of course, after such a dreadful incident, Lily cannot possibly be engaged. Clare, furious at her parents' inhumanity, pleads, waxes sarcastic, weeps, becomes hysterical; her mother's chronic invalidism is increased; the whole household is set by the ears.

So much for Miss Thompson's criticism of the social system, admirably summed up in the situation between Lily, Clare, and Clare's parents. The book also has a love interest; two, as a matter of fact; but the most important is the estrangement between Clare and Mark. For reasons which do not seem quite adequate, she refuses to marry him; and he, also (it seemed to me) for insufficient reasons, determines to cut her out of his life. Poor Clare! With one thing and another, what a day she had!

[Continued on page XII.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. An expert after Cæsar's own heart. This is a sitter, but fortunately not a *regular* sitter!
6. Not a family model; in fact, they don't follow the parent model at all.
10. You 'll get the fruit in the end, though you may get tied up in doing so.
11. He 's a jolly good twister, and so say all of us!
12. There 's bound to be a scar here, but it ends in a very short time.
13. You see these in thousands, but they 're always out of gun-shot.
14. Fed up through the dates being altered.
15. The result of hard work, so don't let it lie waste.
17. They *will* happen, you know, if only to show that it 's easier to make poetry than pies!
19. If Peeping Tom had knowed more, he 'd have—well, not got the pip!
22. Now, isn't this sweet? It shows how one may be taken in, though!
23. You have to admit the force of this, though it 's only a bit more than one letter.
27. It takes an age before you can complete the line. It 's really beastly.
29. A curious *rôle*, madam, isn't it?
30. Small volume? Well, not the noise he makes!
31. Lights with a peculiar tinge inside.
32. Time for them to think of starting if it 's an all-day match.
33. This is a curly one, starting with less than No. 32.

DOWN.

1. You won't get fat out of this, though the charlady does.
2. Though you get yours in two words when you 're angry, you 'll prefer it in one when you 're hungry.
3. Gran'pop starts off for a drink!
4. Upright position of a Mediterranean island.
5. Subjects for still life. All you need is the artist and something to put them in.
6. A soldier still, no doubt; certainly so before the war.
7. There may be no *reason* why a heroine of fiction should follow an American writer, but she 'll certainly produce *rhyme*!
8. Cursed if it isn't set free the wrong way!
9. This is how sporting dogs look when they run between rows of houses.
16. Embraces half the human race—the other half, of course!
18. Ancient song-writer upsets his friends and ends in a fog.
19. Get along somehow, though you do make a false start.
20. 'Arry says it sounds like feathers, but it 's only shut in.
21. Things are inclined to go to pieces if this is dropped, but you might make a tidy bit out of it.
24. What 'll you have—a drink or a bob-tailed bird? It 's the same thing.
25. Takes its ease all right; in fact, it 's just the thing if you want a nap.
26. The colour with a hole in it.
28. And the dog which was fit to fly because it had lost its head.

Note.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, July 9, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published in the centre of page XII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

Wing shoulders rising from a slender waist and novel slit sleeves give a piquant air to this beach suit in plain and checked blue, yellow and white Viyella. This is a fabric which lends itself particularly to the fashioning of such garments, for it hangs well and is thoroughly practical.

Stripes always look effective by the sea, and they are popular this year. They are seen in the beach pyjamas on the right, which are made in Royalist pure silk—a relation of Viyella. The sailor collar is in beige and reseda green, with long ends threaded through a tab at the neck.

HOLIDAY FROCKS THAT LIKE SUN AND WATER

Here's one way of ensuring the success of your holiday. If you chose a beach dress like this, it just couldn't fail to be a riot.

Made in a fancy weave linen in green, red, blue and yellow stripes on a white or natural ground, it has a skirt with a generous wrap, and the backless sun-top is held up by a band which buttons round the throat.

There is no need to mention the fact that it is beautifully cut when one says that it comes from Lillywhite's, of 24, Regent Street, W., where it costs five guineas.

TUNBRIDGE

It does not matter how many times you wash these dresses. They like it, and they show quite clearly that they do. The standing lady has on a pure silk washing frock with a woven check design in a raised stitch. It is made in a subtle pink, blue, or tussore colour, and it has a string belt in a dark shade. The loose sleeves and softly falling revers are very flattering.

The second girl wears a Deval washing silk frock, patterned in coral, green and brown on a natural ground. This has a curved yoke and a bow at the neck, and it is also made in black and white and other colours. The price is 98s. 6d. Both come from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"SEND the United States a couple of million copies of *The Sketch* every week, and thereby reduce the War Debt," The Engineer was proposing. "America professes to be open to receive payment in kind, and, well, here 's a practical way of doing it."

"In kind? Where does the kindness come in, if you 're——"

"That sounds all right," said The Broker, "but follow it through, and where does it land you?"

"In Boston Harbour, where you will be labelled, on board your own ship, as an alien, and be required to produce your papers to a tough guy whose school didn't include ordinary politeness in its daily time-table."

"No; but this payment in kind. It sounds intriguing, yet——"

"There 's nothing in it," declared The City Editor decisively. "You send your two million copies of *The Sketch* to the States, and they are accepted as part payment of the War Debt. But, if America is already taking that quantity of copies every week, and paying for them in dollars——"

"Dollars that are badly wanted for the purposes of exchange."

"You dot my i's and cross my t's. We are less well off, rather than better off, by America not handing over the cash. It 's all the same, whether you call it *The Sketch* or tin or rubber or anything else. Absolutely nothing in the idea."

"You would have thought the Americans might realise that for themselves."

The JUNIOR INSTITUTION OF ENGINEERS lunched last week to celebrate the Jubilee of the Institution. Fred May attended for caricaturing purposes. COL. CROMPTON is a director of Crompton, Parkinson; MR. H. G. RIDDLE is the Secretary, and DR. H. E. ARMSTRONG is the G.O.M. of the Institution; MR. TENNANT is President for the Jubilee session, and senior partner in Boult, Wade and Tennant; SIR JAMES EWING is ex-President; MR. FREKE FIELD was the first President; SIR ALEXANDER GIBB is senior partner of Sir Alexander Gibb and Partner, and Henry Stobart, Ltd.; SIR ROBERT B. DIXON is a director in J. A. Weir; and MR. F. R. TAYLOR is the one and only Honorary Member.

"They do, of course. Only they like to push the responsibility on to other people if they can."

"Responsibility for what?"

"For keeping the world in debt. That 's what it comes to. Until we shake off this debt from our international shoulders, how can trade go ahead?"

"It 's doing that in our own country," returned The Jobber, slightly yawning. "Moreover, the Cables and Wireless traffics are going up. That 's another good sign."

"Strikes me that we want to see a big expansion in our exports before we pat ourselves on the back."

"I agree. But that will come presently."

"Sez you! All the nations are trying to make trade a matter of increasing difficulty by their restrictions and quotas; their regulations, bans, and prohibitions; their——"

"It 's a wonder that we can live at all," The Merchant considered, "what with money rates being so low and taxation so high."

"I wonder at it myself, sometimes," The Broker was prone to admit. "Gold shares have saved the Stock Exchange."

"There you exaggerate," The City Editor replied. "Plenty of industrial shares have gone ahead very fast in the last two years."

"Without giving us a great deal of additional dividend."

"You had best not bet upon that. Many of the industrial companies have increased their dividends. A fair number of breweries, for example."

"What yield do you get out of good industrial ordinary shares?" The Jobber asked. "Four per cent.? Five?"

"Nearer three and a-half, I should guess," The City Editor estimated. "Higher rate from Breweries, though."

The Broker said his wife was quite convinced their eldest son didn't drink, because the lad was always so thirsty in the morning.

"I seem to have heard something like that before——"

"It wasn't from me," said the boy's father tartly. "She said it because I happened to mention having bought a few Distillers that I thought of putting into his name."

"But you always claimed that posterity had done nothing for you. Dodging Death Duties, Brokie?"

"I haven't been feeling too much a bull of myself lately," was the calm reply. "Distillers are shares you must put away. There 's good capital appreciation coming."

"These Industrials are all so high," repeated The City Editor. "Sometimes I think——"

"It seldom pays to," The Broker maintained. "Prices have such a knack of going exactly opposite from the way you think they will that it 's often better not to think at all."

They agreed *nem con.*

"There are times, though," The Engineer admitted, "when even a broker comes home."

"To dinner?"

"Depends upon the cook. In point of fact, I had in my mind Modders. and Government Areas."

"Better to have them in your name than in your mind. Forgive this apparent flippancy. You were saying——?"

"You don't deserve that I should pardon you. Do you remember putting me into those two things years ago?"

"Of course I do," The Broker lied evenly. "They fell, I suppose, after I got you to buy them?"

"They did. Like a couple of stones. But I stuck to the shares: they 've paid me handsome dividends, and there 's a decent profit on both. The question in my mind is whether to take it. Gold can't keep good for ever."

"You might put the money into the shares of the finance companies," said The City Editor. "Johnnies, Rand Mines, African and European, Consolidated Goldfields. What about it?"

The Broker candidly confessed that he found it hard to say. "I like Modders. and Government Areas," he went on. "The rise in gold has lengthened the lives of all these old producers. Can't see altogether why you should make a change."

"I can," said The Jobber. "If you tell Brokie to do the business with me. I should then be sure of the Missis and me getting a month's holiday in Scotland or Southend."

"I 've got only a couple of hundred of each," laughed The City Editor. "So it would mean Southend for you. Aren't the fares cheap on all the Home Railway lines, though! They almost compel you to travel in your own country."

"Then I keep my present Kaffirs?"

"For the time being, yes. Your West Springs you mustn't sell, either."

"That 's the devil of it. I want money for buying some of the newer things, and yet I don't like selling the others, because they 're also likely to go up in price. What 's a poor beggar to do?"

"You have our cordial sympathies, dear boy. Your lot is as unhappy as a policeman's. Though, traffic directions considered, perhaps I 'm wrong."

"A pal of mine wrote to me yesterday to know whether I had any views about Nundydroogs," said The Merchant. "I really know so little about the company—" he looked enquiringly at The Broker.

"Well," replied that *vade mecum*. "If all I hear is true——"

"What did she tell you, dearie?"

"——if it 's all true," The Broker repeated, "I would rather buy Champion Reefs. For the long view, that is."

"Nundydroog is a good mine, though?"

"Tip-top. But you are thinking of the future? Then I would prefer Champion Reefs. I may be all wrong, of course; to give advice about any mining shares is tricky business, you know."

"There are tricks in every sort of business," said The City Editor. "You must have noticed the absolute outburst of bucket-shop energy just recently. Wonder why it is?"

"I 've had several circulars from outsiders whose names I don't know," said The Merchant. "Are they some of the old gang under new titles?"

"That 's what it is, you bet. People must be falling for them, I suppose, else it wouldn't pay the bucket-shops to advertise. Blots upon the financial landscape. Cankers at the core of capital."

The City Editor half-closed his eyes. "'There is,'" he quoted from "Henry V.", "'There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out.'"

"There you are," The Broker claimed. "Even Shakespeare, or Milton, or whoever your friend is, agrees that it 's right to have Distillers."

Friday, June 29, 1934.

DAINTY LOCKNIT SUMMER SLIPS

greatly reduced in

harvey nichols summer sale

HERE ARE THREE summer-slips from Harvey Nichols' famous Woven Underwear Department, that are as practical as they're charming. They're cool, form-fitting, shadow-proof as can be, and come in the loveliest of lingerie colours.

1.—Locknit and lace, in white, flesh, coral, peach, parchment, nufawn, beige, beaver, grey, navy, black. Originally 19/11. **Sale Price 10/11**

2.—Super locknit and georgette, in peach, flesh, coral, parchment, nufawn, beaver, grey, navy, black, white. Originally 16/11. **Sale Price 10/11**

3.—Fine locknit petticoats with a firm net brassière top of Lastex yarn. White, malmaison, flesh. Originally 14/6. **Sale Price 10/11**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., LONDON, S.W.1. SLOane 3440

THE BREAKFAST BISCUIT

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BREAKFAST BISCUITS

OFTEN **BUTTERED**
NEVER **BETTERED**

USED AT ALL MEALS INSTEAD OF BREAD OR TOAST

79 b

FACE CONFIDENCE

CAN BE ACHIEVED AT

Marguerite Hoare

15 BRUTON STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1

- The treatments are scientific, the assistants are sympathetic experts, and the salons are comfortable and discreet.
- Individual requirements can be attended to in clients' own homes.
- 'Phone for particulars—Mayfair 5786.
- Marguerite Hoare's products are now obtainable at all leading West End Stores and Chemists.

Cheaper Air Travel !

REDUCED SUMMER FARES

between

LONDON AND THE ISLE OF WIGHT

19/6 Single Fare. 38/6 Return Fare.

By swift and comfortable Air Liners DAILY (Sundays included)

Return Tickets also available for return 1st Class by Southern Railway.

From LONDON	a.m.	a.m. (To Sept. 15th only)	p.m. (To Aug. 31st only)	p.m. (Sept. 16 to 30 only)	p.m. (To Sept. 15th only)
Victoria Stn....dep. (Airway Terminus)	8 45	11 0	3 30	5 15	6 15
Croydon Airport ...dep.	9 25	11 40	4 10	5 55	6 55
Bembridge Aerodrome arr.	10 5	p.m. 12 20	4 50	6 35	7 35
Cowes ... arr. (Somerton Aerodrome)	10 15	12 30	5 0	6 45	7 45

ONLY 1½ HOURS

Special Luggage in Advance facilities, 3/- per package.

To LONDON	a.m.	a.m. (To Sept. 15th only)	p.m. (To Aug. 31st only)	p.m. (Sept. 16 to 30 only)	p.m. (To Sept. 15th only)
Cowes ...dep. (Somerton Aerodrome)	8 30	10 45	3 15	5 0	6 0
Bembridge Aerodrome dep.	8 40	10 55	3 25	5 10	6 10
Croydon Airport ...arr.	9 20	11 35	4 5	5 50	6 50
Victoria Stn.... arr. (Airway Terminus)	10 0	p.m. 12 15	4 45	6 30	7 30

FREE CONVEYANCE BY ROAD between Victoria Station and Croydon Airport, also between the ISLE OF WIGHT Aerodromes and the towns of Bembridge, Ryde, Seaview, Cowes, Shanklin and Sandown.

Particulars of cars from all local Booking Agents.

Tickets and Reserved Seats must be BOOKED IN ADVANCE.

Full details of Services, Fares, Reservations, etc., at Southern Railway Stations, Travel Agencies, Imperial Airways, Ltd., Victoria Station, S.W.1, or Spartan Air Lines, Ltd., Cowes, Isle of Wight.

The only air services which provide facilities for sending Luggage in Advance and enable passengers to return by rail, if necessary.

RAILWAY AIR SERVICES LTD
in conjunction with
SPARTAN AIR LINES LTD

BURBERRY OVERCOATS

By Appointment

Embodying the salient features of the Season's new styles, Burberry Overcoats are yet enlivened by many intriguing ideas in design and detail.

For this reason a Burberry Overcoat is always readily distinguished in any well-dressed gathering.

From a utilitarian point of view a Burberry Overcoat is also ideal. Made from rich, soft wool materials, woven especially for Burberrys, they assure Warmth without Weight, and provide the most comfortable and protective topcoat imaginable.

If a personal visit is impracticable, patterns of exclusive Burberry materials and illustrations of styles will be sent on request. Please mention 'The Sketch.'

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET LONDON, S.W.1

VASCO'S LUFAH-STEAM PERMANENT WAVING INVENTION

is acclaimed by critics of quality "A TRIUMPH" of ingenuity and scientific perfection. It is a process whereby the hair is bathed in WHOLESOME COMPRESSED STEAM which produces in the shortest of time the most natural and lasting waves and curls ever seen without deteriorating the texture or colour of the hair.

Mr. Vasco is very grateful to beautiful Mrs. M. Haslam-Mills for her gift to him of her photograph and her words of appreciation for his Lufah-Steam Permanent Waving and "Plastic" Coiffure.—T. VASCO LTD.

Mr. Vasco designs even more beautiful and youthful "Plastics" for the young, not so young, and others, always free of charge.

T. VASCO Ltd., 16 Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.1

Telephone : Regent 3324 (4 lines).

Celebrated throughout the world as innovators of hair fashions and specialists in permanent waving, hair tinting, and bleaching. Makers of supernatural hair work, and trichologists for the treatment of hair and scalp disorders. Brochure on application.

TWO NEW WAYS TO SOLVE PERSPIRATION PROBLEMS

1 *Merely stop the Odour with* **Perstik**

If you need odour prevention only, Perstik is ideal. *It's the size of a lipstick and applied like a lipstick.* Just a few strokes of Perstik under the arm gives immunity for the day. No drying to wait for, no greasiness, no irritation. Absolutely harmless to skin and fabrics. Also amazingly effective on sanitary pads.

2 *Stop both Odour and PERSPIRATION with* **Perstop**

If you perspire more freely, stop moisture as well as odour with Perstop. It's new and much more convenient than any other liquid deodorant. No cork to withdraw, no spilling or splashing. Just apply the sponge-topped bottle itself to the armpit. Quicker drying, too, and absolutely harmless.

Both Preparations 2/6 at high class Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers.

MERCHANDISING & SERVICE CORPORATION LTD.
64 Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

ABBOTT and Eve

—the accepted association of the practical and the fundamentally feminine characteristics of fine footwear. Abbott's have ten salons within a stone's throw of the most famous dress houses in Paris, their decrees in chic are interpreted in terms of shoes which are available at Abbott's London Shops.

No. 13 Blue Glace and Blue Lizard Combination. Hand Sewn finish. 49/6

Postage 6d.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE

ABBOTT'S

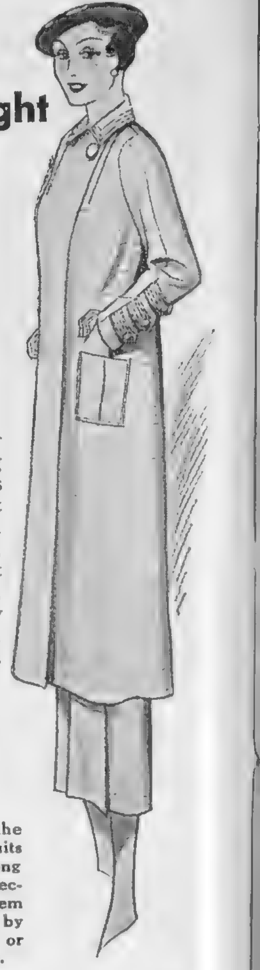
CHIEF PARIS SALON AVENUE VICTOR HUGO Près du Bois.

324, OXFORD ST., W. (Next to D. H. Evans, Ltd.)

255, OXFORD ST., W. (Next to Jay's Ltd.) 82, REGENT ST., W. (Corner Quadrant Arcade)

AND AT ALL ABBOTT'S BRANCHES

had you thought about a linen sports suit?



here's a swagger model in cruising linen, with its three-quarter coat and trim, tailored skirt. of course, we tailor it specially for you, in any of the new pastel tones, white or natural.

4½ gns.

this is just one of the many diverting suits that can be seen among the late summer collection—and any of them can be paid for by instalments. call in or 'phone for details.

corot (dept. s. 167) 33 old bond st. w.1. regent 023

Join the Cathedral Pilgrimage
July 1st—14th

- *The Deans and Provosts of Forty-Five Cathedrals have co-operated in appealing for wide support for this Pilgrimage.*
- *By encouraging the nation to visit its Cathedrals during this fortnight, the Pilgrimage aims at raising a fund on a national scale to ease the burden of unemployment in the Distressed and Derelict Areas.*
- *Visit your country's beautiful Cathedrals and by your prayers and contributions help your countrymen and women. Your pilgrim's offering is the ticket you buy.*

Pilgrim's tickets **2/6** *each. Children* **1/-**

Tickets and lists of Cathedrals from all Railway Stations, Thos. Cook & Son Ltd. (offices), W. H. Smith & Son Ltd, Bookshops, Boots the Chemists, or from the Secretary, Cathedral Pilgrimage Office, 38 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

Your Pilgrim's offering will

Help the Unemployed

RELIEVES COLDS PREVENTS "FLU"

VAPEX (REG TRADE MARK) INHALANT

for Summer Colds

A cold in the summer time is intensely disagreeable, and the prevalence of dust renders a cure difficult —unless "Vapex" is used. "Vapex" soothes, cleanses and protects the inflamed mucous membrane of nose and throat. Put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the germ-killing vapour.

All Chemists 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO., LTD.
V.20.

The . . . Illustrated London News

1/- — WEEKLY — 1/-

PUBLISHING OFFICE:

346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

Thanks Dr. Pierre

for lovely white teeth . . . your liquid dentifrice beats all the pastes and powders. Twenty drops, a spot of water and a dry brush—and VOILA! . . . teeth like snow.

Taste? A zephyr in the mouth; faintly fragrant with cinnamon, mint, cloves, aniseed—and with all their splendid antiseptic properties.

Dr. PIERRE'S *Liquid* **DENTIFRICE**

A dentifrice for the discriminating. Sold by Chemists and high-class stores at 2/-, 3/6, 5/6, 8/6, or post free from: Savory & Moore, Ltd., 61 Welbeck Street, W.1

HAIRS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR RUINS BEAUTY!

Destroy unwanted hair by my simple, effective Home Treatment. Permanent, Painless and perfectly safe. 13/- post free. Not a depilatory. Call for personal treatment if preferred. 'Phone: Western 4518.

HELEN LAWRENCE, 81 Earl's Court Rd., London, W.8

MORNING SUITS

for all Social Occasions
ready for immediate wear
from 7 gns. (*For Hire with Top Hat 25/-*)

MOSS BROS &Co LTD
COVENT GARDEN
(Corner of King Street and Bedford Street, W.C.2)
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST.

Phone: Temple Bar 3341 (6 lines)
Wires: Parsee, Rand, London

A.J.O.

By Appointment. *By Appointment.*

Bathofloris

Concentrated Bath Essences

CARNATION · LAVENDER
ROMAN HYACINTH · ROSE GERANIUM

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume).

Floris, Perfumer — *89, Jermyn Street, London.*

DEAUVILLE
IN NORMANDY

DANCE AT THE AMBASSADEURS TO THE IRRISISTIBLE RHYTHMS OF CAROLL GIBBONS, AND HIS SAVOY ORPHEANS. SEE THE FAMOUS HORSE RACES AT DEAUVILLE AND CLAIREFONTAINE. **JULY - AUGUST - SEPTEMBER.** AUGUST 26TH GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE 300,000 FRANCS PRIZES.

THREE PALATIAL HOTELS AT PRICES THAT ARE AGREEABLE

★ ROYAL HOTEL
★ NORMANDY HOTEL
★ HOTEL DU GOLF

SITUATED RIGHT ON THE NEW GOLF LINKS
(F. ANDRÉ, Managing Director)

FLY IN 90 MINUTES
FROM LONDON TO DEAUVILLE

SINGLE £4.0.0 ● RETURN £7.10.0 ● REGULAR DAILY DEPARTURES STARTING JULY 12 TH ● DEP.: VICTORIA COACH STATION 10. A. M. ● HESTON 11 A. M. ● ARR.: DEAUVILLE (ST GATIEN) 12.30 P. M. ● APPLY TO BRITISH AIR NAVIGATION CO., HESTON (TEL. HAYES 118) OR ALL USUAL AGENTS

BY APPOINTMENT.

BY APPOINTMENT.

An old Chippendale mahogany serpentine COMMODE, the top inlaid oval panel and broad cross-banding, the angles finely carved. 4 ft 8 ins. wide.

GENUINE ANTIQUE FURNITURE & WORKS OF ART

M. HARRIS & SONS

44 to 52 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1 : : : OVER 100 ROOMS

Attractiveness DOES NOT ALWAYS ATTRACT

No woman *dare* neglect under-arm hygiene if she desires to be popular. The surest, SAFEST way of preventing unpleasantness is by the use of Kraskol, which is guaranteed effective.

Every "SKETCH" reader has the opportunity of obtaining ONE BOTTLE ONLY of "Kraskol," the NEW perspiration corrective, at the special price of 1/-, as shown—post free.

Kraskol

"KRASKA" NAIL POLISH, in 25 exclusive shades. 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6
"KRASKA" NICOTINE AND INK STAIN REMOVER, for keeping the hands free from unsightly stains. 1/- and 2/-

"Kraskol" is made in "pink" and "colourless"—both "rapid." POST THE COUPON NOW.

To KRASKA Co., Ltd., 65, Portobello Rd., London, W.11

Please send full-sized 1/6 bottle of "Kraskol" (Pink, Colourless—cross out which NOT required) for 1/- in accordance with the special trial offer contained in "THE SKETCH"

I enclose Postal Order/Stamps, 1/-

Name ....

Address ....

OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS, HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES

SUMMER ERMINE DYED HAMSTER

SALE PRICE 23 gns found at VICKERY'S SUMMER SALE

Worked in narrow ermine-like bands, slim, light in weight. Worth many pounds more. Come and see. Wonderful bargains. All furs stored free of charge until you need them.

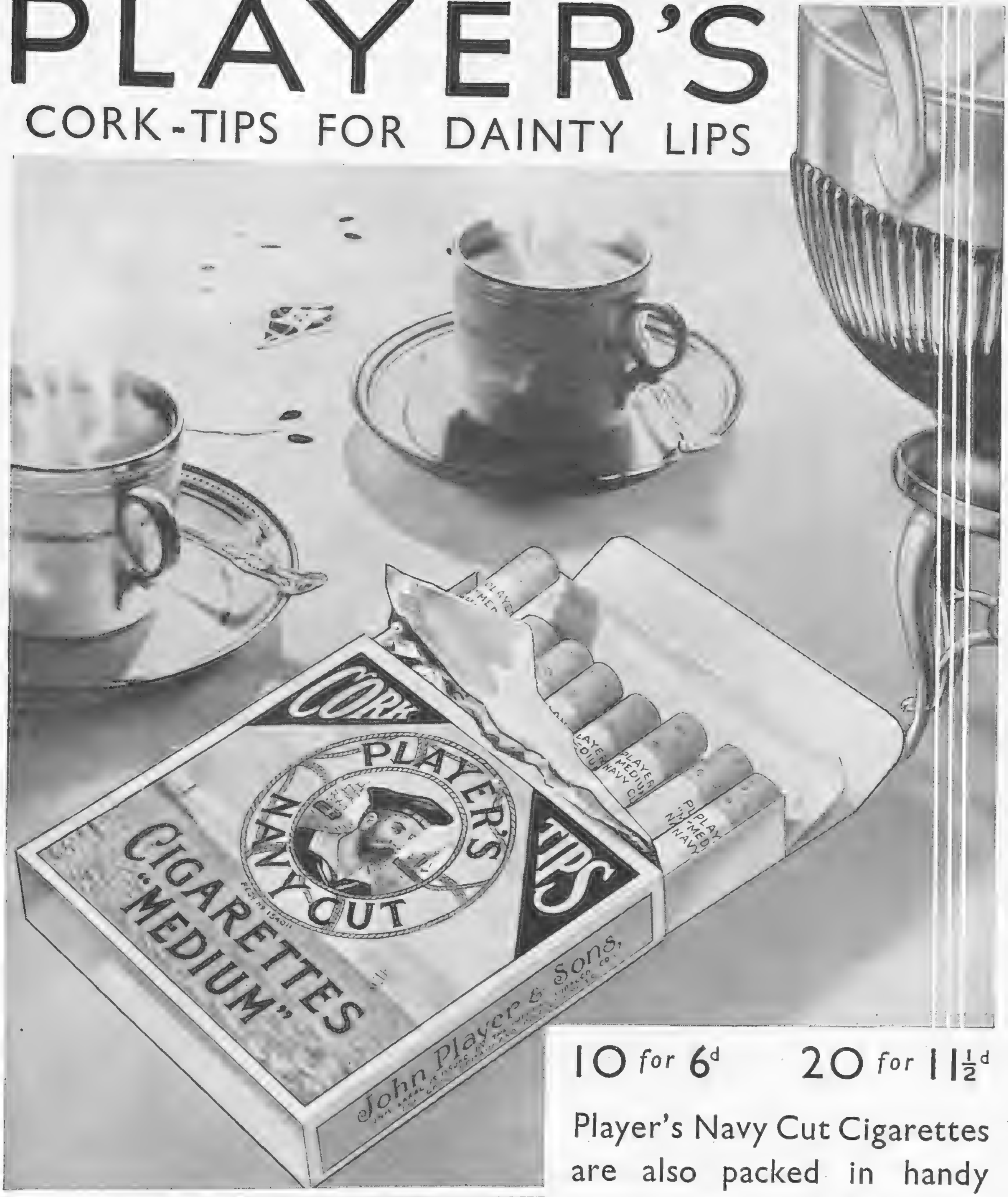
Write for Sale Catalogue.

vickery

PERCY VICKERY, LTD., 245, Regent St., London, W.1

PLAYER'S

CORK-TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS



10 for 6d 20 for 11½d

Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes are also packed in handy little cartons of 5 for 3d. Ideal for the lady's handbag.

N.C.C. 207. F. Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

The 1934 STANDARD SIXTEEN is posed in charming rural surroundings. It is a most attractive car, which only costs £275.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

THE "MELODY MINX."

AT first I thought it was a music-hall turn, this "Melody Minx"; something like Fritz's Singing Babies, or any of those hol-de-hido entertainers that may be seen anywhere at this season of the year on South Coast piers. I found, however, that the "Minx" in question was that very charming little lady from Coventry, the Hillman "Minx," turned out in a new guise, with a built-in wireless set.

The "Melody Minx" is the first British-built car equipped as standard with radio, and costs only £195. It is not merely an ordinary "Minx" with a wireless set added to the equipment, but a super de luxe model, with all sorts of refinements. Starting with the mascot on the radiator cap; this is appropriately fashioned in the form of an elaborate harp design. A sunshine roof, a luggage grid of remarkable carrying capacity, a spare wheel encased in a handsome metal cover, and chromium-plated bumpers, front and rear, are outward and visible signs of an inward refinement. Inside, soft hide upholstery affords maximum possible comfort, while the engine, thanks to a special Hillman feature known as "cushioned power," is so smooth that it feels like a high-powered "Six," instead of a 9·8-h.p. "Four." A free-wheel makes gear-changing as easy as A B C, even though a four-speed gear-box is part of the standard specification.

The new VAUXHALL "BIG-SIX" 20-H.P. SALOON is a car of outstanding appearance and performance. The price of the full five-seater saloon is £325.

The radio set built-in to the "Melody Minx" is, like the car, of proved reliability and efficiency. It is a Philco set, specially designed for the purpose, and fits snugly under the dash, out of the way of the driver's and passengers' feet. The control-panel, instead of being clipped on somewhere handy, is built into the dash and definitely embellishes the facia board. It is the simplest radio set in the world to control, as one knob switches on the set and works the volume control, while the other regulates the tuning, which can cope with a wave range from 600 to 2000 metres. Needless to say, the set is all-electrical and needs no auxiliary batteries. I need not go into technicalities, so will confine myself to saying that, once the set is wired up with the car's electrical system, there is nothing else to worry about.

The aerial is installed in the roof of the car, and consists of copper gauze laid between the saloon head and the interior roof-lining. Interference from sparking plugs, distributors, coil and dynamo is suppressed by special devices, and the volume-control is automatic, so that the loudness of the signals is not affected perceptibly by the direction in which the car is being driven. I know the Hillman "Minx," and I know the Philco Transitone wireless set, so I can imagine just what a delightful little job this "Melody Minx" must be. My experience with a Philco set on another make of car has shown that one can get all the B.B.C. international transmitters and some of the more powerful Continental stations during daylight hours, while after dark the scope is enormously increased.

THESE CROSSING-PLACES.

Having been away abroad, I had my first experience of crossing-places for pedestrians in London only the other day. So far as I could see, they did not help very much. When the traffic lights showed green, and gave me the "all clear" to proceed, a crowd of pedestrians, glaring angrily at me, essayed to cross in front of my car. These white-painted strips on the road will not have the slightest effect until the pedestrians understand that they may not cross the road when the traffic lights or policeman on point duty give the "all clear" to vehicles coming from the right and left. We may laugh at Continental *Agents de Police,* with their shrill whistles and little white batons, but, after all, they are the people who have made crossing-places for pedestrians a definite safety-first measure in Paris. At a busy crossing the policeman blows his whistle and holds up the traffic until the pedestrians have had time to hurry across. Immediately the road is clear the policeman whistles again, and the vehicles proceed. Anybody who tries to cross the road, even at a recognised crossing-place, before the policeman has blown his whistle, is "for it."

The HILLMAN "MELODY MINX" is the first Radio car. It has a Philco wireless set built into it, yet it costs, complete with real de luxe equipment, only £195. Here Mr. Tommy Handley, the well-known Radio star, is operating the wireless control.

Personally, I would like to see a few yards of chains and posts along the kerb at each side of these official crossing-places, so that people on foot could only cross at the point marked. It seems to me also that a duplicate of the traffic lights should be brought further down the post, so to confront pedestrians and show them when it is safe to cross the road. I was almost going to suggest an automatic level-crossing, but it would be annoying, to say the least of it, to be stunned by a blow from a heavy barrier falling upon one's head. Sooner or later it will come to that, however; carriage-ways will have to be fenced off, like the railways, and people will cross the roads by bridges. A long time ago I suggested that whenever any of the big shops were rebuilt, they should have a broad first-floor promenade level with the top decks of buses. This would not only give the shops the advantage of being able to display their wares on two floors, instead of one, but pedestrians would enjoy the benefits of covered footpaths at road-level, and sunny walks, free from traffic dangers, level with the first-floor showrooms.

The car is extremely easy to drive, changing up or down requires no skill and no waiting. You just push the lever and there you are, its lightness and ease of control account very largely for the truly amazing speeds that can be set up from point to point. —*Sketch*

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD. 16 CONDUIT STREET · LONDON·W·1·TELEPHONE : MAYFAIR 4412

"L.S.D"

said the lady when he proposed to her MEANING—

Let's Sit Down!

"BP"

said the Motorist, meaning the Best Possible petrol mixed with Ethyl fluid, which is the finest known anti-knock specific.

BP ETHYL

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

HERE I am on the Continent, sitting writing this looking out over a quiet square in Wiesbaden on the eve of our own Open Championship at Royal St. George's. Alas! I shall not see what is bound to prove a week of memorable golf, but I am less disappointed than I might have been, for I have spent a most interesting three days, culminating in an event that will, I believe, in years to come have a special significance as proving what golf can do for good fellowship and understanding between players of different countries. The event was the first international match between France and Germany, and a very good, interesting, and friendly match it was; though, looking back upon it, it seems only part of a most enjoyable and, I think, significant time, and a short diary of all that happened will show this best.

An Evening on the Rhine.

It began, after an informal round on the sporting Wiesbaden course, one of the oldest in Germany—for it was formed in the "'nineties"—when Karl Henkell, the *Führer* of the German Golf Union, entertained M. Durand, President of the French Golf Union; Comte L. de Montgomery, and Michel Carlhian—these the advance guard of the French team—the German team, and a party of friends. We were all driven out to the Krone Hotel, in Assmannshausen, on the banks of the Rhine, where we dined in an old, panelled room, before driving back in a scented night through vineyards whose treasure had so lately been poured out for us. That was a very pleasant beginning.

To Meet the Bürgermeister.

The next day, during the morning, the rest of the French team arrived, and at luncheon-time the German and French teams, with Karl Henkell, M. Durand, M. Dufort, the French Consul-General; Senator Paul Rott, the President of the Frankfurt Club; with myself, once more as a privileged guest, went to the Town Hall, the famous Römer, at the invitation of Herr Lignau, the Bürgermeister. There we were shown all the wonders of this historic building, were presented with beautifully illustrated books on its story from the earliest beginnings, wrote our names in the book of archives, and were afterwards entertained to a cold collation *à la fourchette* in the wonderful Council Chamber, washed down by Rhine wine from the town's own vineyards. Then we all drove out to the Frankfurt course, where the match was to be played, watched the two teams practice, and after that back to Frankfurt, where later both teams and a gallery of German golfers, both men and ladies, were entertained to dinner by the German Golf Union. At this Karl Henkell, M. Durand, and M. Dufort all spoke admirably, and, as an "outsider," I came away with a feeling that a new page of golfing history was in the course of being written.

The Frankfurt Course.

And now for a description of the Frankfurt course. I knew it had been laid out in ideal golfing ground of the Swinley Forest type by Harry Colt, and had been constructed by Willie Murray, under the supervision of John Morrison. I knew, therefore, it would be fine golf, but I was honestly not prepared for golf as fine as I found. As we know, first impressions mean much, and, with a most beautifully and practically architected club-house, as delightful as the Dutch ones of which I have often written, that was a good start. Of the course itself I can hardly speak too highly. It winds its way through a forest of pine, silver birch, oak, and beech that give one charming vista after another and added pleasure to the qualities of the holes. At full stretch the course is 6690 yards, four fine short holes varying between 155 and 220 yards. There is one long hole, the fifth, of 555 yards, and the rest are of all kinds and lengths between 315 and 475 yards. The second nine are on a slightly bolder scale, but on that account perhaps not quite so hard as the first. The thirteenth, of 400 yards, with its diagonal bunkers guarding the green, is magnificent, and the home hole, on a plateau that reminds one of the seventeenth at the Old Course at Walton Heath, one of the best finishes I have seen. In spite of the drought the fairways were excellent, and the greens, vivid green oases, perfect to putt on. Altogether Frankfurt is among the best inland courses I have seen.

Some of the outstanding amateurs in the Open Golf Championship at Sandwich: 1. MR. D. H. R. MARTIN (Royal St. George's), whose qualifying rounds were 70 and 74—144; 2. MR. E. F. STORY (Honourable Company), 73 and 70—143; 3. MR. REX HARTLEY (Royal St. George's), 74 and 76—150; 4. MR. R. SWEENY, JNR. (Prince's), 69 and 76—145; 5. MR. L. G. GARNETT (Addington), 72 and 75—147; 6. MR. S. B. ROBERTS (Prestatyn), 78 and 71—149; and 7. MR. F. RICARDO (Sandy Lodge), 74 and 76—150.

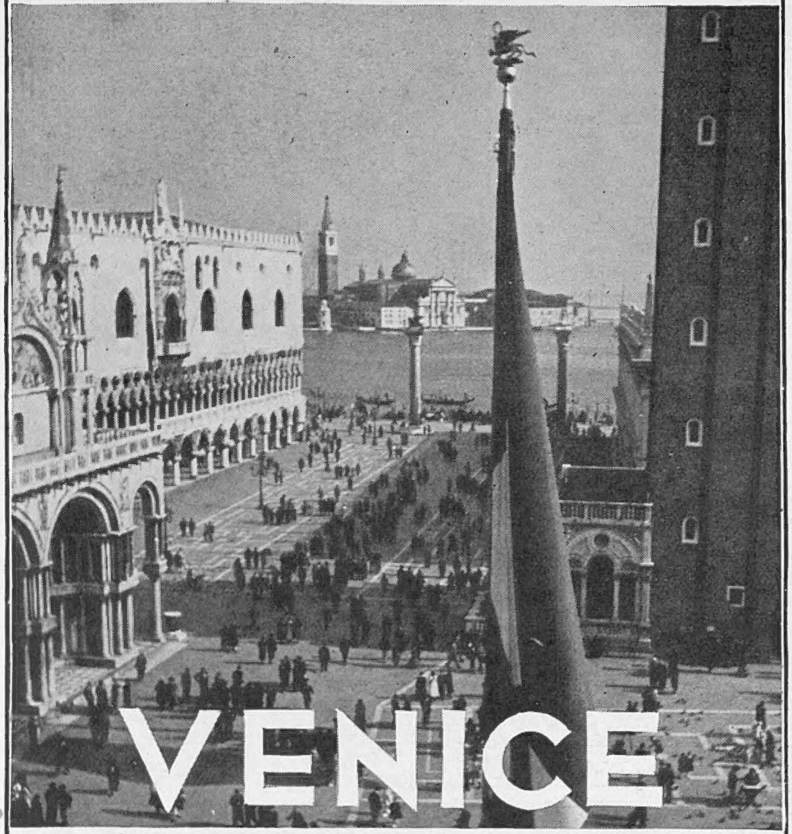
The Match.

This was played on one of the hottest days I can ever remember, and though in the end France won two out of the three Foursomes, halving the other, and five of the singles, losing the sixth, all the matches were close and went to the seventeenth green. The Foursomes were played in the morning, and the first match, between Comte L. de Montgomery and Michel Carlhian for France, and C. A. Hellmers and B. von Nollken, which was halved, was as good and dramatic a finish as could be wished. Germany were two up and three to play, but lost the next two holes. Then, when they looked like losing the match, down went a run-up from at least 40 yards for a four, and France were left to get down in a pitch and a putt to halve, which, to their credit, they did. In the singles, B. von Linburger won a fine match, for he was three down with five to play against Jan de Le Guellec. Altogether Germany made a very good showing, in a match played in the best and most friendly spirit throughout.

A Visit to Waldfried.

A short visit for cocktails to Waldfried (with its wonderful garden), the home of Frau von Weinberg, which for so many years was a centre of social life in Germany, and a delightfully friendly and informal supper at the home of M. and Mme. Dufort, were the end of all things. Next year Germany visit France, and all who took part in this year's match are looking forward to a return.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*



XIX. BIENNIAL ART EXHIBITION
MAY — OCTOBER

JULY 1934

In the magic surroundings of Venice
Grand open-air Spectacles

LA BOTTEGA DEL CAFFE

Comedy by Goldoni

Scenery by Gino Rocca. Court of San Luca Theatre. Three performances. July 7th—15th. First Performance, night of July 7th.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

Tragedy by Shakespeare

Translation by P. Ojetti. Music by Victor de Sabata. Scenery by Max Reinhardt. Campo San Trovaso—Four performances. July 18th—26th. First performance, night of July 18th.

Tickets and Information at **Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., Agencies** *or directly at the* **Biennale di Venezia, Venice.**

VENICE HOTELS:

HOTEL ROYAL DANIELI. World renowned. Near Doge's Palace

GRAND HOTEL. The Hotel of excellence on the Grand Canal.

Hotel Regina. On the Grand Canal.

Hotel Vittoria. Near St. Mark's.

HOTELS AT THE LIDO:

EXCELSIOR PALACE. World famed. Private beach. Tennis. Golf. Famous beach *taverna.*

GRAND HOTEL DES BAINS. Private beach. Park. Tennis. Golf.

Grand Hotel Lido
Hotel Villa Regina } Family Hotels.

Reduced Rates.
Information and literature at all Travel Agencies or at the Compagnia Italiana dei Grandi Alberghi—Riva Schiavoni, Venice.

Unmistakable—the form of the first class team . . . the bottle of the first class whisky . . . VAT 69. Its distinguished appearance makes a confident appeal to those who appreciate a real liqueur Scotch Whisky.

Willing

. . but neither the bottle nor the whisky tells you that VAT 69 costs only 12/6—as all Wine and Spirit Dealers, Restaurants and Bars are glad to tell you.

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND SINCE 1863 BY **Sanderson's**

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXI.

A NEW INFORMATIVE DOUBLE.

LET me hasten to add to last week's notes under "The Fun of the Game" that there is more in contract bridge than the comedy which surrounds it. There is its social side. Thus I have to thank contract for the pleasure of meeting Sir Derrick J. Wernher, and dining with him during his recent visit to London. A most agreeable and memorable occasion. Of course, we talked bridge.

We got on to the informative, or negative, double. I have tested this convention in my study, and invariably I note its fate at the card-table. My conclusions are that at auction it is an abomination—a method of shifting one's own responsibility on to the player opposite. At contract I find it little better, and a certain loser at both games. It is like slam bidding—a heavy loser in the long run.

No thoughtful contractor can deny the premise that the *better* your hand in high card values, the more you should *fight shy* of doubling; the converse, the *weaker* your hand, the *more readily* you should double, ought to hold good. This sounds an absurdity, but listen. With a powerful hand you must sit tight and hope that opponents, having opened the bidding, will bid themselves out of their boots! Then is the time to step into the bidding or doubling. If you warn opponents of their danger, they will dry up, and so (of necessity) will you, reaping, with luck, 40 or 60 below instead of, perhaps, 500 above. On the weaker hand, your hope is to frighten them off re-bidding; if you are lucky it will come off, but if they call your bluff it is your side that will get the fright. This consideration, of course, does not come into the auction argument; at that game there is no necessity for opponents to bid themselves out of their boots, double or no double. But, in case any of you should be unduly impressed with my views and practical experience about the informative double, it is only right I should tell you that probably I am the one and only bridge player who cannot see any virtue whatever in this bid. And now to hark back. Derrick Wernher said: "Read that." "That" turned out to be "Use of Negative Double in Contract," which, in effect, is the informative double from a new angle. It might be described as the "one-suit" or "half-psychic" double. When holding a suit on which you would like to bid two against an adverse opening, don't—double instead. The example given is—

SPADES—x, x.	CLUBS—x, x, x.
HEARTS—K, Q, 10, x, x, x.	DIAMONDS—A, Q.

One spade is bid on the right. Double to avoid the possibility of bumping into a mass of hearts on the left, while still retaining the right to bid two hearts after partner's response. This seems logical enough, but I fear there's a catch in it. "Naturally," says the article, "if my partner has responded in a suit in which I hold some support, say K. J. x, I can pass and await a further move by the enemy. My partner, if on lead, will open hearts, instructed by my double." But why does the double instruct partner to lead hearts? Here is my outstanding objection to these doubles—partner receives no instruction (except that he must bid) and no real information. It is assumed, too, as in most of these cases, that there will be no interfering bid by the enemy. If there is, the doubler can no longer enter the bidding with two hearts: thus, one spade, double, one-no-trump, pass, two spades—now what can doubler do? So you see there is always a snag about this informative double. The honest two-heart bid may at times meet with an unpleasant rebuff, but it won't come to a sticky end nearly as often as the double. There are other suggested doubling holdings shown in this article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, which I will go into next week. In the meantime, I fear I remain of the same opinion: that the informative double at contract is useful only as a bluff, and that, of course, may act as a boomerang! Honest bidding, that's what pays!

The Sketch CROSS-WORD COUPON.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

____

(See Page 40.) 4/7/34.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JUNE 27.

ACROSS.—1. Ambidextrous. 10. Inrush. 16. Nor. 17. Everything. 20. Esau. 21. Ale. 22. Canadians. 24. Chum. 26. Tea. 27. Only. 28. Etcetera. 29. Singiput. 31. E.R. 33. Saul. 34. Litre. 35. Maori. 39. G.R. 40. Atone. 41. Addio. 42. Caned. 43. Channel. 46. A.1. 49 and 51. Helsingfors. 53. Her. 55. Erie. 56. Stornoway. 59. Ma. 60. Resource. 62. Eleven. 63. Dun. 64. Ink Eraser. 66. Lost. 67. Crept. 68. Dye. 69. Lychgate.

DOWN.—1. Anathema. 2. Mole. 3. Break. 4. Decoction. 5. Evan. 6. Tray. 7. Ryde. 8. Otitis. 9. Sinecure. 10. Instil. 11. N.G. 12. Recruit. 13. Us. 14. Sauterne. 15. Hume. 18. Enlace. 19. H.A.C. 23. Replacement. 25. Hatton. 29. Stationery. 30. Nag. 32. Reed. 36. Adherent. 37. Odalisk. 38. Rinse. 43. Chérie. 44. Entrap. 45. L.G.O.C. 47. Irwell. 48. Orange. 50. Freed. 52. Savoy. 54. Emu. 56. Sure. 57. Olpe. 58. Yes. 61. O'er. 65. St.

MRS. L. FITZGERALD, 11, Hinde Street, Manchester Square, W.1, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle in our issue of June 20 to be first opened on Monday morning, June 25. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 40.*)

Social Distinctions. Like all its author's books, "Breakfast in Bed" exhibits a natural and extremely acute power of observation. There is nothing Miss Thompson does not notice, especially where feminine matters are concerned. Clothes do not make the man; and Miss Thompson's chief male characters are not quite convincing. Sir Frederick is the caricature of a diehard politician of the old school; Mark is a rather shadowy figure, in spite of his intellectualism, his obstinacy, and his Roman Catholicism. But if clothes do not make the woman, at any rate they indicate a good deal about her; and Miss Thompson's sensitiveness to the minutiæ of dress (there is a world of symbolism in Mrs. Perrott's new nightgown, for instance) is of vast service to her in her task of tabulating social distinctions, and gives it, besides, a human touch which, if a man had written the book, would be conspicuously lacking. Whether there is much to be gained by emphasising class distinctions which, especially in England, are already too apparent, I doubt; and I think Miss Thompson accepts rather uncritically the popular opinion that wealth spells happiness and poverty misery. But it cannot be denied that out of her incongruous and intractable material she has contrived to make an interesting novel, with a beginning, a middle, and an end.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Defy the Foul Fiend. By John Collier. (*Macmillan; 7s. 6d.*)
Breakfast in Bed. By Sylvia Thompson. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)

SPECIAL NOTE.

Six days does not sound very long—fifty-three hours are even shorter—yet that is all the time anybody will have to make the most of the wonderful opportunities that will be waiting at Harrods, of Knightsbridge, during their Sale, which commences on July 9. It does not matter what you want, you will find it there, at prices that are absolutely unprecedented. Think how useful a two-piece ensemble, consisting of a printed crêpe dress with a straight woollen coat, would be. In several colours, it will cost 45s. instead of four guineas. Or you will find tailored three-pieces — cardigan-jacket, skirt, and three-quarter-length loose coat — for £6 instead of 9½ guineas, to say nothing of tailor-made suits in herring-bone and worsted materials, for only 50s. If you are thinking more of the present there will be printed crêpe-de-Chine dresses reduced to 35s. from three guineas, and gaily checked printed crêpe washing frocks for 15s. These are but a few items chosen at random from their profusely illustrated Sale Catalogue, which will be sent free on request.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Yvonne Printemps and Noel Coward—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.

"QUEEN OF SCOTS" (New).—Clever portrait of the unhappy Queen by Gwen ffrangçon-Davies. Excellent production, acting, and settings.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"BALLETS RUSSES" (Covent Garden). 8.45.—Diaghilev glories revived by Col. de Basil's troupe. Orchestra admirable.

"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—Elmer Rice's very exciting new play. Acting on high level.

"LIVING DANGEROUSLY" (Strand).—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.

"HAPPY WEEK-END" (Duke of York's). 8.15.—Lively musical play. Steve Geray and Magda Kun specially excellent.

"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Florence Desmond and Nelson Keys. Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"MEN IN WHITE" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. George Grossmith, Lesley Wareing, Athene Seyler.

"VILLAGE WOOING" by Bernard Shaw, and "THE LITTLE MAN," by John Galsworthy (Little). 8.30.—A pair of diverting comedietta excellently acted.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion).—8.30. Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—American comedy of 150 years ago. Amusing, delightful, unusual.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Tivoli).—George Arliss at his best in the drama of the Rothschilds' rise to power.

"EVERGREEN" (New Gallery).—Jessie Matthews as a *divette* of two generations.

"MURDER AT THE VANITIES" (Carlton).—Clever combination of murder, mystery, and stage-show.

"LIEBES KOMMANDO" (Academy).—A merry military comedy.

"BLACK MAGIC" (Polytechnic).—On the enchanting isle of Bali.

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable take a cross-country bus ride.

"FINISHING SCHOOL" (Plaza).—Well-acted drama of adolescence.

"MANY HAPPY RETURNS" (Plaza).—A Burns and Allen farcical comedy.

"TOGETHER WE TWO" (Curzon).—The lighter side of unemployment, with Annabella and Gustav Froelich.

"THE GUARDSMAN" (Curzon).—Revival of the Lunt-Fontanne comedy.

"CHANGE OF HEART" (Capitol).—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell reunited.

"THE THIN MAN" (Empire).—A thrilling detective story.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE LOVES OF ARIANE" (Rialto).—For Elisabeth Bergner's fine performance.

FILMS ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"JIMMY THE GENT" (Regal).—James Cagney at top speed.

"MOULIN ROUGE" (Leicester Square Pavilion).—A dual rôle for Constance Bennett.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1934. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

The majesty of Scotland for a penny a mile

If you want more than an ordinary seaside place can give you; if you want mountains and crags and glens and lakes and waterfalls; if you want beauty and romance and historical associations—go to Scotland. What wonderful holiday country it is.

Glimpses of its magic are caught as the train flashes through its miles of mountains, woodland and glens. A hundred times you see a spot, different, alluring, that beckons to you to come and explore.

You can travel to the Highlands, to all the best districts, luxuriously and comfortably by any of the Scottish expresses. Get a "Summer Return Ticket"—a penny a mile each way. (First-class fares cost only two-thirds more.) Return any time within a month. Stop anywhere you like on your route provided you complete the outward journey within three days.

Another thing—in many parts of Scotland "Weekly Holiday Season Tickets" are issued. Their price is from 7/6 and with them you can travel by any trains in a wide area for a week.

With a return ticket to Scotland, you now have the choice of travelling back by the East Coast, West Coast or Midland routes, with break of journey at any station.

The following holiday guides are obtainable from L·N·E·R or L M S offices and agencies:

L·N·E·R— "*The Holiday Handbook*" (6d.)

L M S— "*Scottish Apartments Guide*" (3d.)

L·N·E·R and L M S—the following are free:
The Land of Scott and Burns — Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond

MOTOR CARS accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at the reduced rate of 4½d. a mile charged on the single journey mileage for distances not less than 50 miles. Single journey charges at 3d. a mile.

IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL

LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RLY ● LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RLY

Protect your face and hands

Larola helps you to make the best of a sunny summer . . . to keep your skin soft, smooth and supple . . . to acquire a fashionable tan and enjoy the health-giving sunshine without painful blisters and ugly peeling. And there is another reason why you should use Larola this summer. One bottle saves a whole collection of expensive beauty preparations, for Larola cleanses, protects and beautifies at the same time. Remember to use Larola frequently on face, arms and hands—it is the one sure preserver of skin beauty.

1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

BEETHAM'S **Larola**

From all Chemists and Stores or Post Free in U.K. direct from—
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Write for a copy of the interesting and informative Larola Booklet, "The Cult of Beauty." Sent Free.

Larola Powder, Pink, White, Cream, and Cream No. 2. Sealed boxes with Puff, **2/6.**

Larola Rose Bloom, The Natural Rouge, **1/- & 2/6.**

"Until I enlighten them"

A young man lost both legs through septic poisoning. He was incapacitated. This Society provided a *pair* of artificial legs. "A splendid fit and most comfortable," he writes, and adds, "I have to go up very steep hills and find them quite safe, both going up and descending. I stand a far better chance of work than with two old peg legs. Lots of people think I have only *one* artificial leg until I enlighten them."

The benefits conferred by the Society are incalculable. Many thousands of afflicted people have been enabled to retain or resume their work. Since 1862 it has supplied over

1,500,000 appliances to the poor

An Annual Subscription of 10s. 6d. or a Life Subscription of £5 5s. entitles the Subscriber to two "Letters" each year—and so on in proportion. *Address: The Secretary*

Royal Surgical Aid Society

Patron: H.M. THE KING

SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
Removed by Electrolysis at Home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed, indispensable to modern woman and so simple a child could use it, guaranteed. Complete with full instructions **£4, 4, 0,** or **20/-** and **10/-** monthly. Trial free. Illustrated brochure free, in plain envelope.

VANDRÉ, Ltd. (Dept. 44), 189 PITT ST., GLASGOW.

Eat & enjoy Home Farm Dainties. Hampers containing 1 Roasting Fowl (Dressed). 1—1½-lb. Pork Pie. 1-lb. Best Pork Sausage. 2-lb. Home Fed Ham. **11/6** each. Home Fed Hams (14 to 28-lb. each) **1/7** lb. All super quality, quick dispatch, carriage paid. H. DAWSON, Stearsby Hall, Brandsby, York.

BE TALLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES!

Increased my own height to 6ft. 3¾in. ROSS SYSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2 2s. Particulars (mailed privately) 2½d. stamp. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, Height Specialist, Scarborough, England. (*P.O. Box 15*)

"AUTOMAX" PRINTS 3½"×2½"

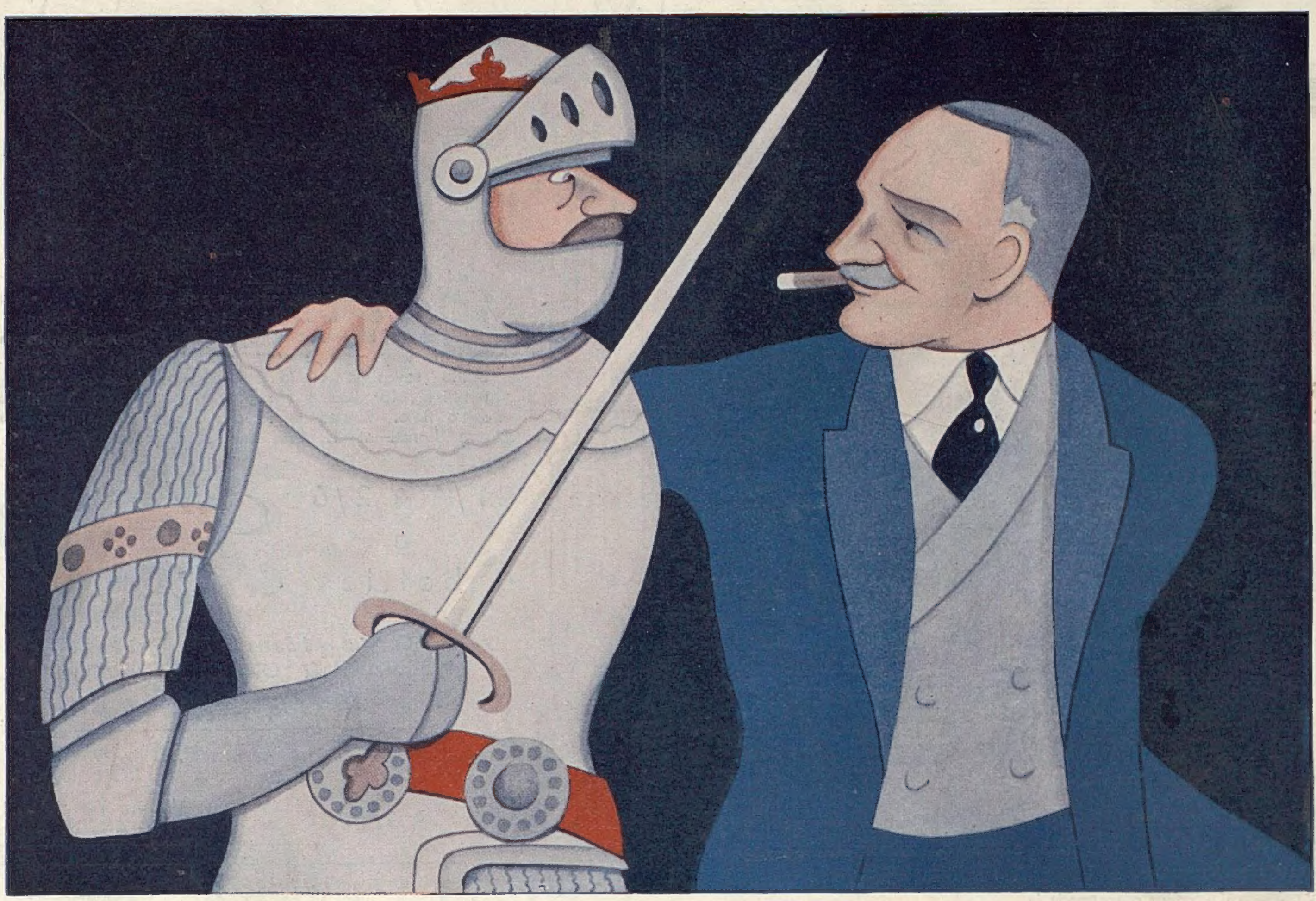
FROM LEICA AND OTHER MINIATURE NEGS

2/- PER DOZ.

LEICA CAMERA LIST FREE ON REQUEST

WALLACE HEATON LTD
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

'Duggie' makes history . . .



King Arthur becomes *Arthur the Enthusiastic*

Duggie: "What a strange coincidence that you should call on me to-day. I was humming 'Avalon' in my bath only this morning."

Arthur: "Don't talk to me of Avalon. I lost badly at that meeting. My trainer, Merlin, can't do anything right these days."

Duggie: "I know Merlin — charming fellow. So he has lost his magic touch, eh? Never mind. Why not try again?"

Arthur: "I will. That's a fine idea. I'll enter SIR GALAHAD and SIR LAUNCELOT for another tilt at Avalon. MORDRED is my only danger — I'm bound to win. I'll place a substantial bet with you. But first I must raise the stake money."

Duggie: "My dear King, don't let's drag money into it. Open a credit account. Any sum you like. Shall we say ten thousand crowns?"

Arthur: "This is amazing. I really am enthusiastic now. What honour can I confer on you?"

Duggie: "Well, since you insist, you can make me one of the Knights of the Round Stable."

Even historians can be carried away by their enthusiasm! But there remains the historical *fact* that the House of Stuart was founded nearly half-a-century ago, and has now over ten thousand satisfied clients.

Write to-day and open a credit account.

DOUGLAS STUART · STUART HOUSE · LONDON · W.C.2